¶ An exposition after the maner of a contemplacion vpon the. li. psalme, called

C 3b aa b

Miserere mei deus.

ALas wretche that I am, comfortlesse and forsaken of all menne, whiche haue offended both heauē and earth: whither shal I goe? or whyther shall I turne me? To whom shall I flie for succour? who shal haue pitie or cōpassion vpon me? Unto heauen dare I not lift vp mine eyes, for I haue greuously synned agaynst it. And in the earth can I finde no place of defence, for I haue been noisom vnto it. What shal I now

do: shal I despaire: God forbidde: full merciful is god, and mi saiuour is meke and louyng. Therfore onely god is my refuge: he wil not despise his creature, nother forsake hys owne ymage. Vnto thee therfore most meke and mercyfull god, come I al sad and sorowfull: for ỹ onely art my hope, and thou art onely ỹ toure of my defence. But what shal I say vnto thee, sith I dare not lyfte vp myne eies: I will poure out the wordes of sorow. I will hertely call for mercie, and wil saye.

Haue mercye vppon me (oh god) accordinge to thy greate mercye.

God, which dwellest in light, that no man can attayne: god, whych art hid & canst not be seene with bodely eies, nor comprehended wyth any vnderstãding that euer was made, neither expressed with the tonges of men or angels. Thy God, the which art incomprehensible,

doe I seeke: the which canst not be expressed, doe I cal vpon: what thing soeuer ỹ arte, (which art in euery place) I know that thou art the most hie and excellent thyng, if thou be a thing, and not rather the cause of al thynges: if I maye so tal thee. For I find no name, by ỹ whyche I maye name or expresse thyne inenarrable maiestie. God (I say) whyche art al thynges that are in thee: for thou art euen thine owne wyse doine, thy power, and thy most gracyous felicitie. Seyng therfore that thou art mercyfull, what art ỹ, but euen the very mercie it selfe? And what am I, but veri infelicie? Beholde therefore (O god) which art mercye: beholde misery is beefore thee: what shalt ỹ do mercy? trucify thy worke. Canst thou doe other wyse than thy nature is? And what is thy worke? Merely to take away misery, and to lyft vp them that are in wretched condition. Therfore haue mercy on me (oh god: god, I say, which art mer-

ty, take away my misery, take away my synnes, for thei ar mine extreame mysery. Lyft vp me, which am so miserable, shew thy worke in me, & exercise thy power vpō me. One depth requireth another, the depth of miserye, requireth the depth of mercie. The depth of sinne asketh the depth of grace and fauoure. Greater is the depth of mercy, than the depth of miserye. Let therefore the one depth swalow vp the other. Let the botomlesse depth of mercy, swalow vp the profounde depth of mysery.

Haue merci on me (oh god) according to thy great merci. Not after the mercy of menne, whiche is but smal, but after thine own merci, which is great, which is vnmeasurable, which is incōprehensible, & which passeth al finnes without comparison. Accordyng to ẏ thy great mercy, wyth the which; thou hast so loued ẏ world, that ẏ wouldest geue thine onely sonne. What mercy can be greater? what loue can bee more? who can

des-

despaire: who should not haue good cō-fydence: god was made mā, & crucified for men. Therefore haue mercye on me (oh god) accordynge to thys thy greate mercy, by ỹ whych thou hast geuen thy sonne for vs: by which through him, ỹ hast taken away the synne of ỹ worlde: by which through his crosse, thou hast lightned al men: by which through him thou hast redressed al thynges in heauē and in earth. Wash me, oh Lord, in his bloud, lighten me in his humilitie: and redresse me in his resurrection. Haue mercy on me (oh god) not after thy smal mercye (for ỹ is but thy smal mercye in comparison, whan thou helpest men of their bodely euils) but it is great whā thou forgeuest sinnes, and doest eleuate mē by thy fauoure, aboue the top of the earth. Euen so lord haue mercy on me, according to thys thy great mercy, that thou turne me vnto the: ỹ thou put out my synnes, and that thou iustify me by thy grace and fauours.

And according to the multy-
tude of thy compassyons, wype
awaye myne inyquytye.

Thy mercy Lord is the abundaunce
of thy pitie, by the which ꝓ lokest gen-
tly on the poore and wretched. Thy cō
passions are ꝓ workes and processes of
thy mercy. Mary Magdalene came vn
to thy feete (good Jesu) she washed
them with her teares, and wyped thē
with her heare: thou forgauest her, ꝑ
sentest her away in peace. Thys was
(Lord) one of the compassions. Peter
denyed thee, and forsoke thee wyth an
othe: ꝓ lokest vpon hym, ꝑ he wept bit-
terly: thou forgauest hym, and madeste
hym one of the chefe among thyne apo-
stles. This was (lorde) another of thy
compassyons. The thyefe on the crosse
was saued wyth one worde. Paule, in
the furyous woodnes of hys persecuciō
was called, and by ꝑ by was filled with
the holy goste. These are (lord) thy com-
passyons.

passyons. The tyme shoulde fayle me, if I shoulde nombet al thy mercyful compassyons. For loke howe many righteowse men there be, and so many are thy godly compassyons. There is none that can glozy in hymselfe. Let them al come that are rightuouse, either in earth, or in heauen, and let vs aske thē before thee, whether they be saued by their owen power and vertue. And surely al they will answer with one hart, and one mouth, sayinge: Not vnto vs (lorde) not vnto vs, but vnto thy name geue all ỹ praise, for thy mercy, and for thy truethis sake. For they in their owen sworde possessed not the land: and their owen arme or power saued them not: but thy right hand and thine arme, & the lightninge of thy countenance: for thou delightest in thē: that is, thei are not saued for their owen deseruynges, lest any man should boast hymselfe, but because it pleased thee so to do. Which thyng ỹ Prophete doeth also more expressely wytnesse of thee,

whan he saieth: He saued me, because he
would haue me. Syth therfore ye thou
art the same god, with whom is no alte
racion or varyablenes, neither art thou
chaunged vnto darkenesse: and we thy
creatures as well as oure fore fathers
which were borne vnder cõcupiscence,
synners as well as we: and syth there
is but one mediator and atonment ma=
ker, betwene God and manne (that is,
Christ Jesus,) which endureth for e=
uer: why doest thou not poure oute thy
plentuous compassions vpõ vs, as wel
as thou didst vppon oure fathers: Hast
thou forgottẽ vs: Or are we only sin=
ners: Did not Christe die for vs: Are
al thy mercyes spente and none lefte:

Lorde our God, I deyer and harte=
ly beseche thee, to put out mine iniqui=
tie, according vnto the multitude of thy
compassions: for many, yea and infinite
are thy compassions, that according (I
say) to the multytude of thy compassi=
ons, ye vouchsafe to quenche my synne:

that

that as þ hast drawen and receiued innumerable synners, and hast made thē righteous: euen so that thou wilt draw and take me, and make me ryghtwys through thy grace & fauour. Therfore, according to ỳ multitude of thi compassions, wipe away mine iniquitie. Clēse and purify my harte, that after al mine iniquitie is put out, and all my vncleanes cleused, it may be as a cleane table, in the which ỳ fynger of god may write the law of hys loue and charitie: wyth the which, can none iniquitie continue.

Yet washe me more from mine iniquitie, and cleanse me from my synne.

I graunt & acknowledge (oh lorde) thou hast once put out mine iniquitie, þ hast put it out agayne, and hast washed me a thousande times: how be it, yet wash me from mine iniquitye for I am fallen againe. Doest thou vse to spare a synfull man, vntill a certayne nomber

of

of hys synnes? which, whan Peter en=
quired, how often shall my brother of=
fende agaynst me, and I shall forgeue
him? whether. vii. times? Thou answe
redst: I say not seuen tymes, but seuē=
ty tymes vii. tymes takyng ẏ certayne
nomber, for an infinite nomber. Syth
than, that a man must forgeue so often,
shalt thou in pardoning and forgeuyng
be passed of a man? Is not God more
than man? Is not he better then man?
yea rather god is the great Lord, & eue=
ry man lyuing is nothyng but al vani=
tie. And onely god is good, and euerye
man a lyar. Haste thou not sayed: In
what houre soeuer the sinner doeth re
pent, I wil not remember any of hys
iniquities? Behold, I a synner doe re=
pent and mourne, for mine olde priuye
sores festred within, and nowe are they
broken forth for myne owne folyshnes.
I am depressed and sore broken: I
walke in continual mournynge: I am
feble and verye weake: I roxed for the
sorow

sorowe of mine hart. Lord al my desires are before thee, and my sorowful sighes are not vnknowen vnto thee: mine hart trembleth and panteth for sorowe, my strength fayleth me, and euen the very sight of mine eyes cease frō their office. Wherfore than (oh lord) doest thou not put away mine iniquitie? And if thou put it out accordyng to the multitude of thy mercyes: yet washe me more from myne iniquitie: for yet am I not perfectly purifyed.

Finishe thy worke: take awaye the whole offence, & also the pain that is due vnto the crime: encrease thi light within me, kindle my hart with thy loue & charitie, & put out al feare, for perfect loue sendeth away fearc. Let the loue of the world, the loue of the flesh, the loue of vayne glory, & the loue of my selfe, vterly departe fro me: yet still more and more, wash me from mine iniquitie, by the which I haue offended agaynst my neyghbour, and clense me frō my sinne,

that I haue committed against god. I would haue thee put away not onely ẏ fault and payne that foloweth it, but also the occasyon and nourysheinente of synne.

Washe me, I say, with the water of thy most gracious fauour: ꝑ water, of which he that drinketh shall not thirste for euer, but it shalbe made in hym a foũtayne of lyuing water, runnyng into euerlasting lyfe. Wash me with the water of my teares: washe me with the cõfortable waters of thy holy scriptures, that I may be nombred amonge them: vnto whõ ẏ saydest: now are ye cleane for my wordes sake, whych I haue spoken vnto you.

For I acknoweledge myne iniquitie, and my synne is euer before myne eyes.

Although through ẏ beholding of thy mercy & compassions, I maye be bolde to flee vnto thee (oh Lorde) yet will I not

not come as ỹ phariſeie, whiche praiſed not, but rather prayſed himſelfe, & deſpiſed his neighbour: but I come vnto thee as ỹ publycane, whiche durſt not lift vp his eyes vnto heauen: for I alſo do acknowledge mine iniquity: & whyles I ponder my ſinnes, I dare not lift vp myne eyes, but humblyng my ſelf to the publican, I ſay: god be mercyfull to me a ſynner. My ſoule wauereth betwene hope and feare, and, ſometime for the feare of my ſines which I feele & acknowledge to be in me, I am readye to deſpaire: ſometime throughe the hope of thy mercy, I am lyfted vp and comforted. Neuertheles, becauſe that thy mercy is greater than my miſery, I will euer (Lord) truſte in thee, and wil ſynge ont thy plentuous compaſſiõs for euer: for I knowe that thou deſireſt not the death of a ſynner, but rather that he ſwer conuerted, & that he would knowledge his iniquitie, & forſake his ſynne, and to cume to thee that he may lyue.

My

My god, graunt me that I may liue in thee, for I acknoweledge my wicked nes: I knowe what a greuous burthen it is, how copious, & ieopardus: I am not ignoraunt of it, I hyde it not, but set it euen before mine eies, that I may wash it with my teares, and acknowledge vnto thee lord mine vnrighteousnes against my selfe. And also my sinne whych I haue proudely done agaynste thee, is euer agaynst me. And therefore is it agaynst me, because I haue synned agaynste thee. And it is truely againste me: for it is euen agaynst my soule, and accuseth me euer beefore thee my iudge and condemneth me euer, and in euerye place: and it is so agaynst me, ẏ it is euer before my face, and standeth full but against me, ẏ my praier may not pearce throughe vnto thee, that it myghte take thy mercy fro me, & hynder thy mercye that it can not come at me: therefore do I tremble, & therfore do I mourne, beseching thee of thy mercy. Therefore

(oh

(oh Lord) as thou hast geuē this grace vnto me, to knowe my wickednes, and to bewaile my sinne: euen so accomplish thys thy benewolence, geuynge me a perfect fayth, and drawing me vnto thy sonne, which hath made a full satisfaccion for all my synnes. Geue me lord this precious gift, for euery good gift, and euery perfect gift is from aboue, cōmyng from the father of lyght.

Agaynste thee onely haue I synned, and haue done that whiche is euil in thy sighte: that thou mayest bee iustified in thy wordes, and mayest haue the victorye, whan thou art iudged.

I haue ouermuch sinned vnto thee alone: for thou commaundest me, that I should loue thee for thy selfe, and should loue al creatures for thy sake. But I haue loued a creature more then thee, vsing it euē for it selfe. What is sinne but

to

to loue a creature for it self? And what is that, but to do against thee? Surely he ẏ loueth a creature for it self, maketh the creature his god. And therfore haue I synned against thee onely, for I haue made a creature mi god. So haue I cast thee away, and haue bene iniurious only to thee, for I haue not offended against any creature, in ẏ I haue set mi trust or confidence in it. For it was not cōmaunded me, ẏ I shoulde loue any creature for it selfe. If thou hadst commaunded me, ẏ I shoulde haue loued an aungell, onely for himselfe, & I had loued money for it selfe, than no doubte I had offended agaynst the angel: But syth ẏ thou onely art to be loued for thy selfe, that is to say: wythoute any respecte eyther of good or euyl: and euery creature is to be loued in thee, and for thy sake: Therfore haue I surely offended onelye agaynste thee, for I haue loued a creature for it selfe.

But yet haue I worse done: for I haue

haue synned euen in thy syghte: I was nothynge ashamed to synne beefore thy face. Oh mercyfull God, howe manye synnes haue I done in thy syghte, whiche I woulde in no wise haue done before mortall men: yea, that I woulde not in ani case, that men shoulde knowe: I feared men more thā thee: for I was blynde, and loued blindnesse, and so dyd I neither see nor once consider thee. I had onely fleshely eyes, therefore did I onely feare and loke on men whiche are flesh. But thou didst loke on al my synnes, and nombredst them. Therefore I can neyther hyde them from thee, neyther turne my backe, and flye from thy face.

Whither shal I go from thy spirite? And whyther shal I flye frō thy face? What shal I than do? Whither shall I turne me? whom shall I synde to bee my defender? whom I praye you, but thee my god? who is so good? who is so gentle? who is so merryfull? For thou

passest without comparisō, al creatures in gentlenes. It is one of thy chefeste properties to forgeue and be mercyfull. For throughe mercye and forgeuenesse, thou doest most declare thyne almightines. I graunt lord, that I haue offended onlye agaynste thee, and haue done that whiche is euill in thy sighte. Haue mercy therfore on me, and expresse thy puysaūce on me, that ỳ maiest be iustified in thy wordes. For thou hast sayed. Iohn. iii. That ỳ camest not to call the ryghteouse, but synners vnto repentaunce. Iustifie me lord, accordynge to thy wordes: come, refreasshe me, and geue me grace to do true workes of repentaūce. For this cause warte thou crucified, dead & buried. Thou saydest also: whan I am lifted vp from the earth, I will drawe al vnto my selfe. Wherfore thy wordes, draweth me after thee: let vs runne together in the swetnes of thyne oyntmentes. Weefydes that ỳ saydest: Mat. xi. Come vnto me al ye ỳ labours

and

and are laden, and I will ease you. Lo I cõe vnto thee laden wt synnes, labouring day & nighte in the sorowe of mine harte: Refreshe and ease me lorde, that thou maiest be iustified and proued true in thy wordes, and mayeste ouercome whan thou art iudged. For there are many y saye, he shal haue no succoure of hys god: god hath forsaken him. Ouercome lorde these persons, whan thou art thus iudged of them, and forsake me not at any tyme. Geue me thy mercye and holsome succoure, and then are they vanquished.

They saye that thou wylte haue no mercye on me, and that thou wylte caste me cleane oute of thy fauoure, and no more receaue me. Thus arte thou iudged of men, & thus men speake of thee, and these are their determinacõs. But thou, whiche arte meke & mercifull, haue mercy on me, and ouercome their iudgementes: shewe thy mercy on me, and let thy godly workes prayled in me. Make

me a vessel of thi mercy, that thou maiest be iustified in thy woordes, and haue the victorye, whan menne iudgeth thee: for mē iudge thee to be fierce and inflexible. Ouercome theyr iudgemēt with mekenes and beneuolence: so that men maye learne to haue compassion on sinners, & that malefactoures may be enflamed vnto repentaunce, seing in me thy pitie and mercy.

Lo I was fashioned in wyckednesse, and my mother conceaued me, polluted with sinne.

Beholde not lorde the greuousnes of my synnes: consider not the multitude, but loke mercyfully vpō me, which am thy creature. Remember that I am but dust, and that al flesh is as withred hay. For lo I am fashioned in wickednesse, and in sinne hath my mother conceaued me.

My natural mother (I saye) hath cōceaued me of concupiscence, & in her am

I polluted with originall sin. What is originall sinne, but the lacke of originall iustice, and of the right and pure innocē cye, whych man had at his creacion? Therfore a man conceaued and borne in such sinne, is wholy croked and oute of frame. The flesh coueteth against the spirite, reaso is slender, & will is weake. man is fraile and like vanitie, hys sen= ses deceaue hym, his ymaginacion fay= leth hym, his ignorance leadeth him out of the righte waye, and he hath infinite impedimentes, which plucke him from goodnesse, and driueth hym into euyll. Therfore orignal synne is the roote of al synnes, and the nurse of all wicked= nes. For albeit & in euery mā of theyr owne nature, it is but one sinne, yet in power, it is al sinnes. Thou seest ther= fore lord what I am, & from whence I am. For in original synne, which cōte= neth al synnes & iniquities, in it am I fashioned, & in it hath my mother cōcea= ued me. With this I am hole in sinnes,

and enuironed wyth snares on euery syde, how shal I escape? or what I would, that do I not: but the euill ỳ I would not, ỳ do I. For I fynde another law in my mẽbers, rebelling agaīst the law of my mind, & subduing me vnto the lawe of synne & death. Therefore the more fraile and entangled, thy godly beneuolence seeth me: so much the more let it lift vp and cōfort me. Who would not pitie one ỳ is sicke? Who woulde not haue cōpassiō on hym ỳ is diseased: Come, come ỳ swete Samarytayne, & take vp the wounded and halfe dead: cure my woundes: poure in wyne and oyle: set me vpon thy beast: bring me into the hostry: cōmitte me vnto the host: take out pence, & say vnto hym: whatsoeuer thou spendest aboue thys, whan I come agayne, I wyll recompence thee.

Loe thou halfe loued truely, the vnknowen & secrete thinges of thy wisedome, hast thou vttered

red vnto me.

Come moste swete Samaritayne: for beholde, þ hast loued truth, the truth (I say) of thy promyses, whyche thou haste made vnto mankynde: them haste thou truely loued: for thou haste made and kept them: so þ thy loue is nothing els, but euen to doe good: for in thy selfe thou art inuariable & immutable: thou vsest not now to loue, and anone not to loue (as men do) neyther doeth thy loue come and goe. But thou art such a louer as doth neuer chaunge, for thy loue is very good. Thi loue therfore, wherwith thou louest a creature, is to doe it good.

And whom thou most louest, to them art þ moste beneficial. Therefore what meaneth it, that thou loueste trueth, but that of thy gracyous mercye thou makest vs promises, and fulfillest them for thy truethes sake? Thou didst promise vnto Abrahain a sonne, whā he was aged: thou diddest fulfill thy promyse in

olde and baren Sara, because thou lo-
uedst trueth. Thou didst promyse vnto
the children of Israel a lande that flo-
wed wyth mylke and honye: and at the
last didst geue it them, for thy truethes
sake.

Thou madest a promise to Dauid,
saying: I shal set vpon thy seate regal,
one of the fruict of thy body: and it came
euen so to passe, because thou wouldest
be founde true. There are other innu-
merable promyses, in which ꝓ hast euer
been faithful, because ꝓ louedst trueth.

Thou haste promysed to synners,
whyche wyll come vnto thee, forgeue-
nes and fauour: and thou hast neuer de-
frauded man, for thou hast loued truth.
That vnthryfty sonne that toke hys
iourneye into a farre countrye, and
wasted all his goodes with riotous li-
uing, whā he came to hym selfe, he re-
turned vnto thee, saying: father, I haue
synned agaynst heauen, and before thee,
now am I not worthy to be called thy

sonne.

sonne, make make me as one of thy hi-red seruauntes. Whan he was yet a great way of, thou sawest hym, & hadst cõpassyon on hym, & ranneste vnto hym, fallyng vpon his necke, & kissing hym: thou broughteste forth the best garment, and puttest a rung on his fynger, & shoes on hys fete: & kyllediste that fatted calfe, & madest al ỹ house merye, saying: let vs eate & be merye, for this my sõne was deade, and is aliue agayn: he was lost, and is nowe founde.

Why dydest thou al this lorde God: surely because thou louedst truth. Loue therefore (O father of mercies) this trueth in me, whiche returne vnto thee frõ a far country: runne towardes me, and geue me a kisse of thy mouth: geue me those chyefe garmentes, drawe me into thy house, kyl that fatted calfe, that all whiche truste in thee, may reioyce in me, and eate together in spyrytuall feastes. Oh Lorde wylte thou exclude me alone: and wilte thou not kepe this

trueth vnto me: yf thou shouldest loke narowly on our wickednes (oh Lorde) lorde, who might abyde thee: But lord thou wilt not be so straight vnto vs for thou louest trueth: yea, and that with a feruent and incomprehensible loue.

Whiche is the trueth that thou so louest: is it not thy sonne, that sayd: viii. Iohn. xiiii. I am the way, trueth and lyfe: He is the very trueth, of whom all trueth is named in heauē and in earth. Thys is it that ꝓ hast loued, & in it one ly hast ꝓ delyted: for thou wydst fynde it pure, & wythout spotte, and wouldest ꝓ it should die for synnes. Kepe therefore (oh god) thys trueth. Beholde, I am a great synner, in whom thou maiest kepe it, to whom thou mayest forgeue many synnes, who thou maiest purifie in the blonde of thy Chryste, and whom thou mayest redeme through hys passion. Why (oh lord) hast thou geuen me thys knowledge of thy sonne and hys fayth of hym: Because I shoulde see my re-

dempcion

dempcion, and not to attayne it, that I myghte by that meanes bee the more vexed wyth sorowe: god forbyd. But rather that I may perceiue the remyssion of my sines, purchased by Christes bloud, and so by hys grace may obtayne it. Pourge me therfore and redeme me (oh lorde) for thou haste vttered vnto me the vnknowen and secrete pointes of thy wysedome, that thys knoweledge maye helpe me, and brynge me vnto health. For truely ẏ philosophers neuer knewe these thynges, they were vnknowen vnto them: yea, and vtterly hyd from them: and no man knew these thynges, except a fewe, whom ẏ diddest loue entierly before thy sonnes incarnacion.

The most curiousse searchers of the world, (I meane the wyse men of this world,) lyfted vp their eyes aboue heauen, and yet coulde not fynde this thy wysedome. For thou haste hydde these thynges from the wyse and prudent, & hast

haſt opened them vnto babes, that is, to humble ſyſhers, and thy holy Prophetes, whych alſo haue vttred them vnto vs. And ſo haſte thou vttered the vnknowen and ſecrete thynges of thy wiſedome, and of thy Scriptures vnto me. Why doe I knowe them in vaine? I knowe them ſurely in vayne, if they profite me not vnto my health and ſaluacio: for the Philoſophers, whan they knewe god by his merueilous creatures they glorifyed hym not as god, neyther were they thankefull, but were full of vanities in their imagynacions, and theyr foliſhe hartes wer blinded. Wha they counted them ſelues wiſe, they became fooles. Wilt thou ſuffer me (lorde) to be of their nomber? God forbid. For thou art euen mercy it ſelfe, whych doth neuer vtterly forſake any man. Fauour therfore (Lorde,) fauour and ſpare thy ſeruaunte, and commaunde hym to bee of the number of thy babes, that the vnknowen ſecretes of thy wyſedome, whych,

thou hast opened to hym, may leade him vnto the fountayne of wysedom, which is on hye: that thou mayest bee prayed in the worke of thy mercy, whiche thou doest exercyse towardes thy seruaunts (Lorde,) whyche neuer forsakest them that trust in thee.

Sprincle me lorde wyth hyssope, and so shall I bee cleane: thou shalte washe me, and than shall I bee whyter than snowe.

Because Lorde that thou hast loued the trueth, and hast opened vnto me the vnknowen secretes of thy wysedom, I am wel comforted: and I truste that thou wylt not caste me out of thy fauour, but thou shalt sprincle me wt hyssope, and so shal I be cleased. Hissope is a low herbe, it is hote, & of a good sauour. - Whyche signifieth nothyng els, but thi only sonne our lord Iesus Christ, which humbled hymself vnto death, euen vnto ye deathe

of the crosse: whiche with the heate of hys feruente charitie loued vs, and washed vs from our synnes in his bloude: which & the redolent sauoure of his benuolence & righteousnes, replenyshed the whole worlde. Therfore & this hyssope shalt thou sprincle me, whan thou poureste vpō me the vertue of his bloud: whan Christ through fayth shal dweil in me: whan through loue I am ioyned wyth hym: whan I shal countertaite hys humilitie and passiō: than shall I be cleansed frō al myne vncleannes: that shalt thou washe me wyth myne owne teares, whyche flowe out of the loue of Christ: than shall I sygh vntyll I be werye: I shall water my bedde euerye nyght wyth my teares, so that it shall swymme in them: & than shalt þ washe me, & I shalbe whighter then snowe.

Snowe is white and colde: but lorde, if thou sprincle me & hyssope, I shall be more whyte than snowe: for I shall be throughly endued & thy splendent light

whyche

which passeth all bodely wyttes. And whan I am enflamed wyth ỹ lyghte I shal forsake all my carnal concupyscences, colde vnto worldly thinges, and enflamed vnto heauenly thynges.

Vnto my hearing shalte thou geue ioy and gladnes, and my brosed bones shalbe refreshed.

Than lord shal I pray vnto thee early, that is, in the begynning of thy lighe thou shalt heare my voyce, and I shalt here what the Lorde god, shal speake in me. For he shal speake peace for his people, and shal geue me peace. Lorde thou shalt geue me peace, for I haue trusted in thee. Vnto my hearing shalte ỹ geue ioy and gladnes, whã I shal heare the cõfortable wordes ỹ Mary heard. And what herd Mary? I speake of Mary, whych sate at the fete of Iesus: what heard she: Mat. xxvi. Thy faith hath sa

ued

ned thee, goe thy wayes in peace: Lette me also heare that the thef heard. This day shalt thou be wyth me in paradyse. Then shall I haue ioye, for the remission of my synnes, and gladnesse for thy bounteous and liberall promises. Shal I not reioyce and be glad, when thou shalt geue me two folde for al my sines Than shall I begin to tast how swete the lord is: than shal I learne to be conuersaunte in heauenly thynges, & shall say wyth the Prophete: how great and copious is that swetenes lorde, whiche thou hast layed vp for them, that feare thee: than shall I reioyce and be glad.

What are the bones, whiche susteine the flesshe, but the powers of our soule: and reason, that bare vp the frayltye of our flesshe, that he runne not hedlong in all vyces, that a man fall not wholy into vanitie, and so cōsume away: These bones (I say,) are sore bruised: for the reason, is very weake, and the wyll is prone and redy to al mischief. For eue

now the flesshe obeyeth not reason, but reason must obey the flesshe, so that I cannot resist vice: for my bones are broosed: for they haue forsaken thee ỹ fountayne of liuing water, and haue digged for them selues cesterns full of chinkes whiche can holde no waters, for they are not fylled wyth thy grace: without whych, no man can lyue wel. For without thee, we can doe nothynge. They trusted in their owne power, whiche is no power: and therfore fayntyd they in their owne folyshnes. Therefore let thy power come (oh lord) and thā shal these broosed bones be refreshed. Let thi grace come, and thi fayth, whiche worketh through loue. Let thy powers & giftes assist me, and than my broosed bones shal be refreshed. For my reason shalbe mery: my memory glad: and my wyl ful of ioy. And thus shal they all reioyce. For aboue their owne natural strength, whā they goe about any good worke, they shal procede and prosper well: neyther

shal they leaue it vnperfect, but thyough thy helpe shal thei bryng it to good passe and effect.

Turne thy face from my sinnes, and wype away al my wickednes.

Why lokest thou Lord vpon my synnes: why nombrest thou them: why cõsiderest thou them so diligently: Doest thou not knowe that mans euen as a floure of the felde: why doest thou not rather loke in the face of thy Christe: Alas wretche that I am: why se I the angry against me: I graunte I haue sinned: howbeit for thy gentlenes haue mercy on me.

Turne thy face from my sinnes. Thi face is nothing but thy knowledge. Turne awaye therfore thy knowledge from my sinnes. I meane not ỹ knowledge, where by thou seest & perceiuest al thinges: but that, wherby ỹ approuest and disalowest al thinges: wher by thou

thou alowest the workes of the righte=
ous, and condemnest the reprouable sin=
nes of the wicked. Know not my syn=
nes on that maner, that ỳ wouldest im=
pute them vnto me, and lay them to my
charge: But rather turne awaye thy
face from my sinnes, that throughe thy
mercy they may be quẽched. Loke lord
on ỳ creature, whom ỳ hast wrought,
loke vpon thine owne ymage: For I
poore wretch haue put vpõ me ỳ image
of the deuil, that is sinne. Turne away
thy face from the ymage of the deuyll, &
be not angry with me, and beholde thine
owen ymage, that thou mayest haue mer
cy on me.

O merciful lord, remember that thou
lokedst vpon zacheus, which did clime
vp to a wilde fig tree to see thee. Luke.
xix. And ỳ entrest into his house, which
thou wouldest neuer haue done, if thou
hadst loked on ỳ image of ỳ deuil, which
he had put on hym: but because ỳ sawest
thine owne ymage in hym, thou had=

deft compassion on hym, & healedst hym. He promysed to geue the halfe of hys goodes to the poore. And if he had falsely decepued any man, to restore it fourefolde. And he obteyned mercy & healthe And I bequeath my selfe euē wholy vnto thee nothynge reserued: and promise to serue thee for euer wyth a pure hart, and wil fulfyll my promyse all ỹ dayes of my lyfe. Wherefore than lorde doest thou not loke on thine image in me also: why doest thou yet consider my sinnes? Turne (I beseche thee) thy face from my synnes, and wype away all my wickednes. Wype away all (I praye thee) that none remayne. For it is written: he that kepeth the whole lawe, and offendeth in one poynte, is gilty in the whole: wyth the payne of all synnes ỹ leadeth vnto the death. Put out therefore all my wickednes, that none offēde thee, wyych should bryng me to condēnacyon.

A pure hearte, create in me (oh god) and an vpryght spirite make a newe wythin me.

For myne harte hath forsaken me, & goeth astraye vtterly, forgettynge hys owen health: it is wandred into straūge countryes, and ensueth vanities: & hys eyes are in the vttermoste costes of the world. I called it againe, but it answered me not: it is gone, lost, and solde vnder sinne. What now Lord: what shall I say: A pure hart create in me (o god) an humble heart, a courteous hearte, a peaceable heart, a gentle heart, a deuout heart: such an heart, as neyther wil doe another man hurt, nor yet auenge himselfe, whan he is offended, but rather do good agaynst euil. And such an hart as wyll loue thee aboue all thyng: whyche wyll thynke of thee, speake of thee, and thanke thee: which wil delite in hymnes and spirituall songes, and be wholy con-

uersaunt in heauenly thinges. Create thys heart in me (oh god,) create it of nothing, ẏ it may bee of suche effycacye through grace, as nature is neuer able to make it. This grace commeth onely from thee into ẏ soule through thy creacion: it is the beautie of a pure harte: it draweth vnto him al vertue, & expelleth al vice. Therfore create in me (oh god) a pure hart through thy grace, & make a newe & vpryght spirite in my bowels. For thy spirite shall leade me into a right way, which shal pourge me from al earthly affectes, & shal lyft me vp vn to heauenly thinges. The louer, and the thing that is loued, are both of one nature. He that loueth bodely thinges, is worldly: but he ẏ loueth spiritual thynges, is spiritual. Geue me a spirite that may loue thee, & worship thee, the most high sprite. For god is a spirite, & they which worship him, must worship him in the spirite & veritie. Geue me an vpright spirite: not seking his own profite

and

and glory, but ẏ will & glory of god. Renew an vpright spirite within me: renewe it, for my sinnes haue quẽched the first ẏ thou gauest me. Geue me nowe a newe spirite, that it may redresse that thing, which is inueterate. My soule is also a spirite, & so made of ther, that of her selfe she is right. For of her own nature she loueth thee aboue her selfe, and desireth al thinges for thy glorye. So that her owen natural loue is righte, for it commeth of thee. But of her owen frowarde will, is it inueterate & polluted, causynge her natural loue to decaye. Make new therfore this spirite & thys loue through thy grace, ẏ it may walke in ẏ right way, according to his nature. Renue it (I say) ẏ it may euer bee inflamed wt heauenly loue: ẏ it maye euer cause me to sygh vnto thee: to embrace thee continually, & neuer to forsake the,

Cast me not awai frõ thy face, & thy holy spirite take not frõ me.

Beholde Lorde, I stande beefore thy face, that I may fynde mercy: I stand before thy benigne goodnes, loking for thy fauourable answere. Cast me not confused from thy face. Who came euer (Lord) vnto thee, and went away confused? Who euer desiered thy fauoure, and went wythout it? Surely, thou passest in thy abundante pitie, both the deseruinges, and also the desyers of thē that praye vnto thee. For thou geuest more than men can desire: yea or vnderstande whā they haue it. It was neuer heard, that ꝑ dydst cast away any frō thy face, & wer vtterly cōfoūded: wilte thou begin at me to confounde them, ꝑ come vnto the:: Wilte thou neuer more haue mercy and compassyon: god forbid The woman of Canane folowed thee, she cryed and made a pyteous noyse: she moued thy disciples vnto compassyon, and thou heldest thy peace: she cōtinued knocking: she worshipped thee, & sayed, Lord helpe me. Neyther yet wouldeste thou

thou answere. Thy disciples entreate for her saying: Let her go, for she cryeth after vs. But what was thine answer For soth that she wept in vaine, and laboured for nought. For thou saydest ꝑ thou wast not sent, but vnto the sheepe that were perysshed of the house of Israel.

What should thys woman doe, whā she heard these wordes? Verely euen despayre, as concerning the grace ꝑ she required. And yet despaired she not, but trusting in thy mercy, prayed agayne, saying: Lord helpe me. Vnto whose importunitie (lord) thou answeredst: it is not good to take the childrens breade & cast it vnto houndes. As thoughe thou shouldest haue sayd: Departe from me: ye Cananites are dogges: ye are idolaters: The precious gyftes of heauenly fauour: perteyn not vnto you. I ought not to take them away from ꝑ Iewes, whych worshyp the true and liuing god and to geue them to such dogges as ye

are,

are which worship idols and deuyls. What shalt thou now do, thou womā of Cananye? Thou mayst now be ashamed; and gette thee awaye: For ẏ lorde is angry, not wyth thee alone, but also wyth thy whole nacyon. Oh lorde god, who would not haue been confounded, and haue pyked hym away, at these thy wordes? Who would not haue hūbled and grudged agaynst thee? who would not haue iudged thee to be cruell? And yet dyd thys woman contynue styll in prayer: she cast not away her confidēce: she toke not these hard wordes heauily, she was not angri: but she humbled her selfe the more, and abode styl in her peticion, and sayed w̄ good affiaunce: It is trueth lord that thou sayest: but I aske no bread: I aske not the fauoure that thy chyldren should haue. I am a lytle whelpe, & desier ẏ crūmes, whiche fall from thy childrens table. Let them florish & aboūde w̄ miracles, and other gracious fauoures: but let not me be des

titute

titute of thys crumme of grace, ẏ my doughter maye bee delyuered from the feendes possession. For the whelpes do eate of the crummes, whyche sall from their maisters tables. Beholde, what faith, what truste, and what humilitie was in this womā? Therfore ẏ, being not displeased wͭ her importunate instācy, but reioising in her excellent constancy, didst say: O woman, greate is thy fayth, be it vnto thee as thou wylte.

Why are these thynges written lorde god? That we may learne to truste in thee: that we may humbly and deuoutly continue in prayer. For ẏ wilte geue it, if men be gready. But the kyngdom of heauen suffreth violence. And they ẏ make violence vnto it, catcheth it. For what thynges soeuer are wrytten, are wrytten for our learning, that through pacience and comfort of the scriptures, we may haue hope.

Cast me not therfore (lord) from thy face: which stande weping & waylinge

day

day and night before thy face. Not that thou shouldest deliuer me frō the bodely oppressiō of deuils: but that ꝑ swyfte delyuer my soule from hys spiritual power and dominion.

Let me not be shamed (oh swete Iesu,) for in thee onely haue I trusted. I haue no health or comforte but in thee (oh Lord:) for al haue forsaken me: cuē my brethren and chyldren haue cast me of, and myne owne bowelles abhorreth me: I haue no nother helper, but onelie thee. Cast me not therefore away from thy face, and take not thine holie spirite from me. There is no man whiche can say, that Iesus is the lord, but by the holy gost. Therfore, if I call vpon the lord Iesu, that doe I in the holy goste. yf I be sory for my sines which ar passed: or if I aske forgeuenes, this doe I verely by the holy gost.

Therfore I beseche thee, take not from me the holy gost: but that it maye be with me, and labour with me. For

we wote not what to desier, as we ought to doe: But ỳ spirite helpeth our infirmities, and maketh intercession for vs: that is, maketh vs pray with suche sorowfull groninges, as cannot bee expressed with tonge. Therfore, take not away this holy spirite from me, that he may teache me to pray, and helpe me in my laboure, and cause me to continue in prayers and teares: that at the length, I may finde fauour before thy face, & may serue thee, all the dayes of my life.

Make me again to reioise in thy sauing health, & strengthen thou me wyth a principall spirite.

It is a great thing that I desire (oh lord) howbeit, syth thou art god, a great lord, and a king ouer all gods, he dooeth ther iniurie, which asketh smal thynges of thee. Al transitorye and corruptyble thynges, are but small in thy sight: but spiritual and euerlasting thinges, are great and precious. Take awaye the

spirite

spirite and soule from the bodye, and what remaynyth, but moste vile donge, duste, and a vaine shadowe. Therefore euen so much difference is betwene the spirite and the body, as is betwene the body and his shadow. So may I conclude, that he, whyche asketh bodelye thinges, asketh but vaine trifles: but he that desireth spirituall thynges, doeth surely desier great thynges: but specially, he ỳ desireth thy sauing health: what is thy sauing health, but Jesus thy sonne which is very god, and euerlasting life. Why shal I not than aske of thee thys (my sauioure,) sith thou art a mightie and moste liberal father, whyche gauest hym vnto the death of the crosse for me? Now, syth thou hast so offered him for me, why should I be ashamed to aske him of thee? It is a great & notable present: neither am I worthy to haue such a gift: howbeit, it becõmeth thy worthy liberalitie to geue such noble giftes. For thys therfore thyne medlable gentlenes

I dare

I dare presume to come boldlye vnto thee, and to delyer thy sauing health, in whom I might fully reioyce.

For if of his carnal father, any sonne aske fishe, will he reache him a serpent? And if he aske an egge, will he geue him a scorpion? Or if he aske bread, wyll he geue hym a stone? Nowe, if carnall fathers, (beeing euill and synners,) wyll geue vnto their children, good gyftes, which they haue receaued of thee: howe muche more ỳ heauenly father, which of thyne owne substaunce art good, will geue a good spirite to them that delyer it of thee: Beholde the sonne, which is returned from a farre countrey, (sorowyng, and repentyng,) asketh of ther, ỳ fishe of fayth. For as the fysh lyeth secrete vnder the water: euen so is faythe of such thynges, as are not seene. He asketh, (I say,) a true fayth, that he may reioyce in thy sauing health. Wilt thou reache hym a serpente? wilte thou geue hym the venome of vnfaythfulnesse.

Which

which proceedeth from that olde and cru
ked serpent the deuil: I desire of thee,
(oh lord) the egge of hope: that euen as
out of an egge, we hope for a chiken: so
through hope, ꝑ thou wilt graunt me to
come vnto the sight of thy sauing health
that out of my hope may come this hol=
some sight, as the chicke doeth out of ꝑ
egge. I desire the egge of hope, that my
soule through hope, may be sustained in
this vale of teares, and may reioyce in
thy sauing health. Wilt ꝑ geue me the
scorpion of desperacion: ꝑ as a scorpion
hath poison in the ende of her taile: so I
in the last ende of my lyfe, should reserue
synne, delighting my selfe, & taking my
pleasures & the enticementes of thys
world, which seme beautiful & flatterig
euen as a scorpion doeth in ꝑ face: I de=
sier of thee also (oh lord) ꝑ bread of Chri
stes charitie: which he doth cōmunicate
himselfe, euen as bread vnto all men: ꝑ
I may euer reioyce in thi sauing health
wilt ꝑ geue me a stone, ꝑ is to say, hard

nes

nes of heart: God forbid. Why shall I than mystrust for to desire and obteyne great thynges of thee (oh lord) seeyng þ sturrest me vp and bydst me aske, and knocke, euen till I seme importunate: And what thing can I aske, whiche þ shalt be better content withall: Or els what shoulde bee more holsome for me, than that thou shuldest make me reioise in thy sonne, our sauing health: Nowe haue I tasted how swete the Lorde is: and how easy and pleasaunt his burthē is. I remember what peace and tranquilitie of mynde I was in, whan I ioyed in god, and reioysed in Christ, my lord and sauiour. Therfore, am I now in more sorow: for I know, what goodnes and commoditie I haue lost. Therfore will I crye more importunatlye: Make me agayne to reioyce in thy sauing health. Restore me agayne þ thyng whych my synnes haue lost. Restore me that, whiche through my faute is perisshed in me. Restore me, I beseche thee,

for his sake, that euer is on thy ryghte
hande, and maketh intercession for vs,
to thy gracious fauoure: ℔ I may per-
ceiue, that through hym, thou art pacifi
ed towardes me, that it may be a seale
vpon my heart, and that I maye say ℣
the Apostle Paule: I am crucyfyed ℣
Christ. I lyue verely: yet nowe not I,
but Chryst lyueth in me. ℣ut beecause
my frailtie is great, strengthen me with
a principall spirite, ℔ no troubles or af-
flictions may seperate me from Chryst:
that no feare may cause me to denye thee
that no paynes make me flyde frō thee:
My strength is not sufficient to resiste
and fight ℣ that olde serpent, and to pre
uayle agaynst hym. Peter hath taught
me, howe greater our infirmities. We saw
thee ℣ hys bodely eyes (lord Iesu) and
was moste familiarly conuersaunt wyth
thee. We tasted of thy glory in the moun
tayne, when ℔ waste transfygured: he
heard ℔ fathers voyce: he saw thy mani
fold ℔ wōdrous workes: yea ℔ through
thy

thy power, did hymself many miracles. He walked on hys feete vpon the waters, & heard dayly thy mightie & sweete wordes. He thought hymselfe most feruent and hote, in the faith, and said, that he was ready to goe wyth thee both into prison, and vnto verye death. And whan thou toldest hym, that he shoulde deny thee, he beleued thee not. He trusted in his owen strength, & trusted more vnto hymselfe, (beyng but a man,) than vnto thee, beyng very god. But whan the hande maiden said vnto him, Thou art of the same company: he was afrayed by & by, he denied it. There came another mayde, and saied: Surelye thou art of the same flocke. And he denied the againe. He could not stande before women, how should he than haue stand before kynges & tirantes? And whan he was yet once more enquired of thee, by standers, & was accused to be one of thy disciples, he began to curse, & to sweare that he knew thee not. What thynke

you he sayd: I suppose that he sware by god and by the lawe of Moyses, that he knewe thee not: Addinge such wordes: Thinke you, that I am the disciple of this Samaritaine, whiche deceaueth the people: which is inspired with the deuil, and destroyeth our law: I am ỹ disciple of Moses, and knowe not from whence this felow is. Blessed be God, that they ceased enquiring any further: for els would he neuer haue ceased denying thee: So that a thousande interrogations, would haue made a thousande flat negacions: yea, a thousande curses and periuries, yet were these interrogatyons but wordes. What woulde he haue doē (I pray thee), if thei had scurged hym, and bosteted hym wel: Truely, he would haue sought and proued all meanes, denying, forswerying, cursynge and blaspheming: vntyll that he had escaped theyr handes. But ỹ most meeke lord, lokedst backe vpon hym, and by ỹ by he acknowledged hys offence. Neyther

ther yet durst he leape into the mids of them and confesse thee to be the sonne of god. For he was not yet strengthned wt power from aboue. So that without doubt, he would haue denied thee agai, if he had sene any ieopardye at hande. Therfore as it was most mete for him, he went forth and wept bitterlye. But thou, after thy resurreccyon appearedst vnto hym, and didst comfort hym, and yet hyd he hymselfe for feare of the Iewes. He saw thee so gloriouslye ascendyng vnto heauen, and was strēgthned by the syght and comfort of angels, and yet durst he not goe abroade: for he had learned by experience to know his owne fragilitie, and had proued his weakenes. Therfore dyd he tary, and wayte for the holy goste, whych was promysed. Whā he was come, & had fylled Peters harte wyth grace, than stept he forth, thā began he to speake, and than wyth greate power and sygnes, bare he wytnesse of thy resurreccyon: than feared he neither

the high priestes, nether yet kinges but reioised in tribulacions, & receiued the crosse & al mirth and gladnes. Therefore strengthen me (lord) with a principall spirite, þ I may cõtinually reioice in thy sauinge health, or els can I not beare so many assaultes againste me. The flesh coueteth contrary to the spirite. The world assayleth me on euery syde: & the deuil slepeth not. Geue me þ strength of thy spirite, that there maye fall a thousande by thy syde, and tenne thousande by my right hande, that I may be a sure and strong wytnes of thy faith. For if Peter, whom thou didst endue with so manye fauourable gyftes, did fal so wretchedly, what shoulde I doe (Lord,) which haue neuer sene thy naturall presence, neither haue tasted of thy glorye in the mountayne, neyther haue sene thy gracious miracles: yea, & haue scarcely perceiued thy meruetlous workes, & haue neuer heard thy voyce, but haue been cuē subdued vnder sinne.

There-

Therfore strengthen me with a prince-pal spirite, that I may persever in thy seruice, and geue my lyfe for thy sake.

I will instructe the wycked, that they may knowe thy waies and the vngodly shalbe conuerted vnto thee.

Ascribe not this (oh lorde) vnto presumpcion, if I goe aboute to teache the vngodly thy wayes: For I desier not as I now am, vngodly, in infamie, and in prison, to teach ỹ vngodli thy waies, but if ỹ make me agayne to reioice in thy sauing health: if ỹ strengthen me ỹ a principal spirite: and if also thou sette me free, than shal I teache the vngodly thy wayes. Neither is this harde vnto thee, which of very stones canste rayse vp children vnto Abraham.

Neither can my synnes be impediment vnto thee, if thou wilt doe this: but rather where synne is so abound ant, there

aboundeth grace. Paule yet breathyng
oute threatninges & slaughter agaynste
the disciples of the lord, receiued cõmis-
syon, that if he found any, whether they
were men, or women, whiche folowed
thee, and professed thy fayth, he shoulde
bryng them prysoners to Jerusalem.
And forth was he goyng lyke a madde
hare brayne, and as a rauening wolfe,
for to stray abrode, rauishe, and kyll thy
shepe. But whyles he was yet in hys
iourney, euen in the heate of his persecu
syon, and in actual doynge hys synne:
whyles that he was persecutyng thee, &
would haue slayne thy chosen, hauing no
maner of preparatiue vnto grace, ney-
ther yet knowledge of hys synne, whan
wyth harte and wyll he was thine ad-
uersary, blasphemed, and cursed thee: be
holde the voyce of thy mercyable pytye
vnto him, saying: Saul, Saul, why
persecutest thou me? By the whyche
voyce, he was immediatly both layed a-
long, and raised vp. He was laied along

and

and is ouerthrowe, (as concerning hys body,) but he was rayſed vp with the mynde. Thou didſt raiſe him vp, ſwas in the ſlepe of darke ignorauncye, and diddeſt poure in thy glorious light into thoſe eyes, which were oppreſſed wyth this blinde ſlepe.

Thou ſhewedſt him thy fauorable face, and enduedſt him with thy gracyous mercy. Than was he raiſed, as it had been from death: he opened his eies he ſaw thee, and ſaied: lord what wylte thou that I doe: And after dydſt thou finde a ſhepe to this wolfe. For thou didſt commaunde Ananias to goe vnto him. And than was he baptiſed, and anone was he repleniſhed with the holie goſt, and was made a choſen veſſell, to beare thy name before kinges, nacyons, and the children of Iſrael. And without delay he entred into the ſinagoges, and preached thy name ſtoutly, affirmig that thou art Chriſt. He diſputed, preuailed, and confounded the Iewes. We

holde

lorde lorde euen streighte of a persecu-
toure, thou madest hym a preacher: and
such a preacher, that laboured more thā
al the other Apostles. Oh, howe greate
is thy power, if thou wilt of a wycked
man make a rightwise: or of a persecu-
tour a preacher: who shall forbid thee?
Who shall resist thee? Who may say vn
to thee, why doest thou so? All thynges
that thou wouldest haue, thou madeste
in heauen and in earth, in the sea, and in
all bottomles depth. Therfore impute
it not to arrogancie, if I couet through
thy power, and not through mine owne
to teache the wycked thy wayes: for I
knowe ỳ I can offer nothing, whiche
can be so acceptable in thy godly syght.
This is the most pleasaunt sacrifyce,
and also for my singular profyte. Now
if thou chaunge me into another man,
than will I teache the wyckd thy
wayes, not ỳ wayes of Plato, and Ari
stotle, not ỳ intricate and sotle proposy-
cyons of mans wytte: not the instrucci-
ons

ons of philosophie: not the paynted wordes & vaine colours of rethoricy-ans: not worldli matters & policies: not vnfruteful waies of vanitie: not waies that leade mē into death: but thy waies and thy preceptes, whyche leade vnto life. Neither wil I teache them onelye one waye, but many wayes: for manye are thy cōmaundementes, Howbeit, all these wayes ende in one: ꝑ is, in loue, & charite, which doth so combinde ꝯ faithful heartes, ꝯ they haue one mynde, and one wyll in god. Or els may we vnderstande by thy many wayes, the diuerse maner of liuing, wherein euery mā walketh accordyng to hys vocacyon: some maryed, some liuyng chaste in widowhode, some virgins, and so forth. These walke after diuerse wayes vnto theyr heauenly inheritaūce, euery mā chosing one, in ꝯ which he may best subdue hys rebellious mēbers. Thus wil I teache the wicked thy wayes, accordīg to their capacite and condicion: And the vngod-

hys

ye shalde conuerted vnto thee. For I will preache vnto them, not my selfe, but Christ crucified, and they shalbe conuerted: not vnto my praise, but vnto the geuing thee al honour and praise. Thei shal leaue their owen wayes, and come vnto thine, that they may walke in thē, and so consequently attaine vnto thee.

Deliuer me from bloud (oh god) the god of my health, and my tonge shal tryumphe vppon thy ryghteousnes.

I am stifled in much bloud: and from the deapth of it shal I cry vnto ꝯ lorde: lord harken vnto my voice. Tarye not lord, for I am euen at ꝯ point of death. The bloud that I speake of, are my sinnes. For as the bodely life consisteth in bloud, euen so is the life of a sinner in his sinne. Poure out the bloud, and the beast dieth. Poure out the sinne, (knowledging it vnto god,) and ꝯ sinner dyeth,

and

and is mede righteous. Neither am I wrapped in bloud, but ouerwhelmed & drowned in bloud. Full streames of bloud doe driue me vnto hell. Helpe me Lord, lest I perishe. Oh god, whyche gouernest al thinges, which onely canst deliuer me, in whose handes is the spirite of life: rid, and purge me from these bloudes. Deliuer me from bloude (oh God) the auctor of my health, god, in whom onely consisteth my saluacion. Deliuer me lorde as thou didst deliuer Noe, from the waters of the flood, Deliuer me, as thou didst deliuer Loth frō the fier of Sodome. Deliuer me, as thou didst deliuer the children of Israel from the deapth of the red see. Delyuer me as thou didst deliuer Jonas frō the belly of the whale. Deliuer me, as thou didst deliuer the three children, frō the furnace of burning fier. Deliuer me as thou diddeste deliuer Peter from the parel of the sea. Deliuer me as thou didst deliuer Paul from the depth of the

sea.

sen. Deliuer me, as thou dydst delyuer infinite synners from ỹ power of death and from the gates of hell. And thē shal my tonge tryumphe vpon thy righteousnes, ỹ is, for thy righteousnes, whyche I shal fele and perceaue in me, through thy gracious fauoure. For thy ryghteousnes (as the Apostle sayeth) cōmeth by the fayth of Jesus Chryst, vnto all, and vpon al them ỹ beleue in hym. Thā shal my tonge tryūphe in prayssing thys thy righteousnes, cōmēding thy fauour magnifying thy pitie, knowledging my synnes that thy mercy may bee declared in me, which would vouchsafe to iustify such a great synner. And ỹ al men may know ỹ thou sauest them which trust in thee, & dydst delyuer them frō extreame anguish & aduersitie, oh lorde our god.

Lord open thou my lyppes, & than my mouth shal shew forth thy prayse.

Thy prayse is a great thyng o lorde: for

for it proceadeth oute of thy fountayne, wherof no synner dryncketh. It is no glorious prayse ✝ commeth of a sinners mouth. Deliuer me therfore from bloud (oh god) the god of my health, and my tonge shal magnifie thy rygh teousnesse. And than shalte thou Lorde open my lyppes, and my mouth shall shew forth thy prayse. ✝ or thou hast the key of Dauid, wheych shuttest, and no man openeth: and openest, and no man shutteth. Therefore open thou my lyppes, as ✝ dydst open the mouthes of infantes and suckelynges: oute of whose mouthes, ✝ hast stablyshed thy prayse. These truelye were thy Prophetes, Apostles, and other Sayntes, whych haue praysed thee, wyth a syngle and pure harte and mouth, & not the Philosophers, and oratours, whych haue sayd: we wil magnifie oure tonge, our lyppes be in oure owne power, who is our gode They opened their own mouthes, and ✝ openest the not: nether yet didst ✝ stablishe thy

prayse

praise out of their mouthes. Thy infantes haue praised thee, and despised themselues. The philosophers went aboute to praise themselues, and magnifi their owne name. The suckeliges extolled thy fame & glory, which thei knew through heauenly fauoure. The philosophers knowing thee only by natural creatures coulde neuer perfectlye expresse thy renowme. Thy saintes magnified thee in their hartes, mouthes, and good workes The philosophers onely with wordes, and their owne sotle imaginacions. Thi children haue spred thy glory throughe out al ỹ world. The philosophers haue enstruct but a fewe of their adherentes. Thy frendes with spreading thy glory, haue conuerted innumerable men from sinne vnto vertue, and vnto true felicitie. The philosophers neither knewe true vertues, neither yet true felicitye. Thy beloued haue preached openly thy bounteous gentlenes, and mercyable tawoure, which thou didst shewe in thy

dere

dere sonne vnto al the worlde. But the Philosophers coulde neuer attayne to knowe it. Therfore out of the mouthes of infantes and suckelynges haste thou stablyshed thy prayse: for it hath euer pleased thee to exalte the humble, and bryng lowe the proude. Howe, seeinge thou doest euer resyst the proude, geue me true humilite, that thou mayest stablyshe thy prayse by my mouth. Geue me a chyldes hart: For except I turne backe, and become as a childe, I cannot enter into ỹ kingdom of heauen. Make me as one of the infantes or suckclinges that I may euer hange on the teates of thy wysedome. For thy teates are better than wyne, and thy wysedome better than all ryches: so ỹ nothyng can bee compared vnto it: for it is to men an infinite treasure which they that vse, are made partakers of the frēdshyp of god.

Therfore, if ỹ make me a childe, than shalte thou stablishe thy prayse in my mouth. For than shalte thou open my

lyppes, and my mouth shall shewe forth thy praise, and shal perfectly declare it, euen as thou haste published it by the mouth of thine infantes & suckelinges.

If thou hadst desired sacrifyces, I had surely offered them but thou delightest not in burnt sacrifices.

My mouth lord shal shewe forth thy glorious fame. For I know that thys thing is most acceptable vnto thee, syth thou sayest by the Prophete: the sacrifice of praise shal glorifie me: and by that meanes shal I be entised to shewe hym my sauing health. Therefore will I offer praise vnto thee, euen the prayse of infantes and suckelynges for my sinnes And why shal I offer for my sinnes rather praise then sacrifice? For if ỹ hadst desired sacrifices, I had surely offered thē: but ỹ delightest not in burnt sacrifices, Canst ỹ be pacified wt the bloud of calues or gotes? Wilte ỹ eate ỹ flesh of

bulles? Or drinke the bloud of goates? Either doest ꝑ desier golde, which possessest heauen & earth? Either wilte ꝑ that I sacrifice my bodye vnto thee: which desirest not the death of a sinner, but rather ꝑ he were cõuerted, & liue? Neuertheles, I wil chasten my flesh in a measure, ꝑ through thy grace it maye be subdued vnto reason, and obey it. For in this point also, if I passe measure, & bryng my body so low, that it is vnapt to serue my neighbour, and to doe that office, which is appointed me of god, it shalbe imputed to me for synne. Lette your seruing of god be reasonable, saieth the Apostle. And thou hast sayd also by the prophete: I require mercy, and not sacrifice. Therfore shal my mouth shew forth thy prayse: for thys oblacyon doth honoure thee, and sheweth vs the way vnto thy sauing health. My hart is redy (o) god) my heart is ready through thy grace to do all thynges, which are pleasaunt vnto thee. This one thynge

haue I foūde moſt acceptable vnto the⸗ that wil I offer vnto thee, that ſhall e⸗uer be in my hart, on that ſhal my lippes euer be harpyng. Yf thou hadſt deſired a bodely ſacrifyce, I would ſurely haue geuen it thee; for my hearte is readye through thy grace to fulfyll thy wyll. But in ſuch burnte ſacrifyce haſt thou no delyte. Thou madeſt the body for the ſpirite. Therfore ſekeſt thou ſpirituall thynges, and not bodely. For ỹ ſayeſte in a certayne place: my ſonne, geue thine heart vnto me.

This is the ſacrifice, ỹ pleaſeth thee: Let vs offer vnto thee, an heart repen⸗tyng, with ſorow of our ſynnes, and in⸗flamed wyth the loue of the heauenlye thynges, and than wilt thou delyer no more: for with ſuch a ſacrifice wilt thou be content.

A ſacrifice to god is a broken ſpirite, a contrite and humble hart, ỹ ſhalt not deſpiſe oh god.

A broken

A broken spirite, and not broken flesh pleaseth thee, oh lord: for the flesh is broken, and vexed, because he hath not the carnal thyng, that he despereth: or elis feleth in hymselfe, such thynges, as he lyketh. But the spirite is broken, and vnquieted for hys faute: because he hath offended against god, whom he loueth. He sorowyth that he hath synned against hys maker and redemer, that he hath despised hys bloud, that he hath not regarded such a good and louynge father. Thys broken and sorowyng spirite, is vnto thee a sacryfice of most swete sauoure: whych notwythstanding, hath hys confeccyon of most bytter spyces, euen of the remembraunce of oure synnes. For whiles our synnes are gathered together into the morter of ỹ harte and beaten with the pestle of compunction, and made into pouder, and watered with teares: therof is made an oyntment, and sacryfyce moste swete. Whych redolente offeryng, thou wylte

not despice. For thou wilt not despyse a contrite and humble heart. Therefore he that breaketh hys stony hart, which is made with the moste harde stones of synne, that he maye thereof prepare an ointment of repentaunce in aboundaūce of teares, not despayrynge of the multytude and greuousnes of hys synnes, but humbly offering this sacrifice vnto thee he shall in no wise be despised of thee.

For a broken and humble hearte wylte thou not despise, oh God. Mary Magdalene, whyche was a notable synner, made such an oyntment, and put it in ȳ alablaster boxe of her hearte: she feared not to enter into the Pharises house: she humbled her self flat before thy fete: she was not ashamed to weepe at thy meletide: she coulde not speake for inwarde sorowe: but her heart melted into teares: with the whiche she washed thy fete: she wyped thē wᵗ her heare: anointed them wᵗ ointmente, and ceased not kissing them. Who euer sawe suche

another

another thinge? yea, or who hath euer heard of a thing like vnto this? Surely her sacrifice pleased thee wel, and was so acceptable, that thou preferredst it aboue ẏ pharise, which in his own sighte was rightwise. For it may be gathered of thy wordes, that there was so much difference betwene the rightwisenes of Mary, and the Pharyse, as there was difference betwene these: To washe the fete wyth water, and to washe them wͭ teares: To kisse one on the face, and not to ceasse to kisse the fete: To annointe thy heed with oyle, and to annointe thy fete with most precyous oyntemente: Yea muche more precelled she the pharise, for he neyther gaue the water, kisse nor oyle. O great is thy power lorde, great is thy myght, whiche delareth it selfe most chiefly in sparyng, and hauſge compassion. Nowe see I well that a cōtryte and meke hearte, thou shalte not despyse (oh Lorde.) And therefore endeuoure I my selfe, to offer suche an

heart vnto thee. Neyther is it ynough, that I say so outwardly: for thou arte a god, which searchest oure hearte and reynes. Accept therfore this my sacrifyce, and if it be vnperfecte, amend thou the defaulte, which onely art of power that to do, that I may be a burnt sacrifyce, all whole enflamed with the heate of thy bountefous charitie, that I maye be acceptable vnto thee, or at the leaste, that thou despise it not. For if thou despyse it not, I know well that I shall fynde fauoure before thee: and than shall none of thy saynctes, eyther in heauen or in earth despise me.

Deale gently of thy fauourable benefuolence with Sion: let the walles of Hierusalem be builte agayne.

Because it is wrytten by the Prophete: vnto the holy, man, thou shalt be holy, and with the innocent, shalt thou

deale

deale innocentli: with the pure and chosen, shalt thou do purely, and with the wicked, shalt thou play ouerthwart. I am very desirous that al men were saued, and that they should come vnto the knowledge of the trueth. Which thing were very necessarie for them, and also for my profite. For by their praiers, exhortacions, and examples, I might rise from this filthy sinne, and prouoked daily to procede vnto a better. I beseche thee therfore (oh lord) although I bee a siner, that thou of thy fauourable benevolence wouldest deale gentrly with Syon, that the walles of Hierusalē might be bilte againe. Sion is thy churche. For Sion by interpretacion, signifieth a toure hill, or a place where a man may see farre aboute him. And euen so thy churche, through the grace of the holye goste, beholdeth a far of, the glory of god, according to the capacite of thys lyfe. And therfore said Paule: All we with an vncouered face, beholdig, as a glasse, the

the glorye of the Lorde, after the same ymage are transformed from glorye to glory, as by the spirite of the lord. Lord god, howe small is thy churche at thys daye: almoste the whole worlde is fallen from thee: there are many mo myscreauntes, than christen. And yet amōg the christē, how many are there, which forsake worldly thynges, and seke the glory of the lord.: Surely, ye shal finde fewe, in comparison of them, whyche are addicte to worldly thynges: whose god is their belye, and glorye, to their shame & confusiō. Deale gently lorde of thy fauourable benewolence with Sion that it may be encreased both in multytude, and in good liuing. Beholde from heauen, and deale gently, as thou arte wont to do, ỳ thou wilt sende among vs the fier of thy charitie, whych may consume al our synnes. Deale Lord accordyng to thy fauourable benewolēce, and doe not with vs after our deseruynge: neythyer yelde thou vs agayn, according

to

to our iniquites, but order vs according to thy great mercy. Thou art lord, our father and redemer. Thou art our hope and euerlastyng health. Euery man desireth goodnes of thee, if ỹ geue it thē, than shal they gather it: if thou opē thy handes, al shalbe filled wyth plentye. Whan thou turnest away thy face, thā are they astonnied. Whan thou gatherest in their breath, than are they dead, and returne into earth. And agayne, whan thou breathest on them, than are they created a newe. And thus renuest thou the face of the earth. Lord I praye thee what profyte is there in the damnacyon of so many thousande men? Hel is fylled, and thy churche dooeth daylye decrease. Arise lord, wlyy slepeste thou so long? Arise, & deferre not vnto the ende. Deale gently of thy fauourable beneuolence with Sion, that the walles of Hierusalem may be buylded agayne. What is Hierusalem, (which by interpretacion, signifieth, the vysyons of peace;)

peace.) but the holy congregacion, and citie of the bleſſed, which is oure mother: Her walles were decaied whan Lucifer with his angels fel, into whoſe places are the righteouſe men receiued. Deale therfore gentily (oh lord) wt Sion, that the nomber of thy chosen maye shortly be fulfilled, and that the walles of Hierusalem may be edified and finiſhed with newe stones, which shal euer praiſe thee, and endure euerlastingly.

Than shalte thou accepte the sacrifice of ryghteousnesse, oblations, and burnte offrynges: than shal they laye vpon thyne aulter wanton calues.

Whan thou haste delte gentlye of thy fauourable wil and beneuolence wyth Sion, than shalt thou accept the sacrifice of righteousnes. For thou shalt cõsume it with burninge fier of thy loue and charitie. And so acceptest thou the sacri-

sacrifices of Moyses and Helias. And thā acceptest thou ỹ sacrifices of rightwisenes, whan thou fattenest with thy grace, the soules, which endeuour themselues to liue righteously. What profyteth to offer sacrifices vnto thee, whan thou acceptest them not (ohlord:) How many sacrifices offer we nowe a daies, which are not pleasaunt vnto thee, but rather abominable: For we offer not ỹ sacrifices of righteousenes, but our owne ceremonies, and therefore are they not accepted. Where is nowe the glory of ỹ Apostles: where is the valyaunte perseueraunce of martirs: where is ỹ fruite of preachers: where is that holy simplicitie of them that vsed to liue solitarye: where are the vertues and workes of ỹ Christen, whiche were in olde time: Then shalt thou accept their sacrifices, whan thou shalt decke and garnish thē with thy grace and vertues.

Also if thou deale gently with Syon of thy fauourable beneuolence, thā shalt thou

thou delite in sacrifices of rightuousnes For the people shal begin to lyue well, to kepe thy commaundementes and to deale iustly: and so shall thy people bee endued with thy benefites and blessing. Than shal the oblacions of the preistes and of the clargye bee acceptable vnto thee, for they shal forsake their carnall affeccions, and endeuoure themselues vnto a more perfect lyfe: and so shal the oyntemente of thy blessyng, descende vpon their beds. Then shal the burnt offerynges of the religious, be pleasaunt vnto thee, for they shal cast out al drouesye sluggysshnes, and false confydence, & be whole enflamed, and made perfecte wyth the burninge fyer of goddes loue. Than shall the bishoppes, and preachers, putte calues vpon thyne auiter. For after they are consummate in all kynde of vertue, and repleny shed wyth thy holy spirite, they shall not feare to geue theyr lyues for theyr shepe. What is thyne auiter (swete Ieshu,) but thy

crosse

crosse whereupon thou waste offered? What signifieth a wanton calfe, but our bodye? Therefore, than shall they putte calues on thyne aultar, whan they shall offer theyr owne bodyes vnto the crosse, that is, vnto all afflyccyons, and euen vnto the very death, for thi names sake.

¶ Than shall the Churche florysshe and dylate her coastes: than shall thy prayse bee noysed from the last ende of the worlde: than shall ioye and gladnesse fulfill the whole world: than shal thy Sayntes reioyce in glorye, and shall make myrthe in their mancyons, waytynge for vs in the lande of the lyuinge. Accomplysshe in me (euen nowe Lorde) that thynge, which I so often named, that thou mayeste haue compassyon on me, and accordynge to thy greate mercye, that thou mayeste receyue me for a sacrysyce of ryghtuousnesse, for a holye oblacion, for a burnte sacrysyce of good

lyuynge

vntnge, and for a calfe to bee offered on thyne aultare or crosse, by the whyche I maye passe from the vale, of miserye, vnto that ioye, whyche thou haste prepared for them that loue thee. So be it.

¶ A goodly exposycion vppon the .xxx. Psalme.

In te domine speraui.

Enuienesse hath beseged me with a great & strong hoste: she hath enclosed me she hath oppressed myne heart with clamoures, & ceasseth not with weapons nighte and daye, to fight against me. My frendes be in her tentes, and are become myne enemyes. Whatsoeuer I see, whatsoeuer I here bring the banners of heauines: the memory of my frendes maketh me sad: the recording of my children greueth me: the considering of my cloyster and cell vexeth me: the reuoluing of my studyes maketh me pensiue: the thinking of my synnes oppresseth me. For like as to them, which be sicke of ỹ axes, al swete thynges seme bitter: so to me all thynges be turned into sorow & heauynes. Vn-

doubtedly a great burthen vpon ỹ hart, is this heaumes. The venime of a deadly pestilence grudged agaynst god, ceaseth not to blaspheme, & exhorteth to desperacion. Oh vnhappi mā ỹ I am: who shal deliuer me from her cursed handes I fal ỹ I se & heare, folowe her bāners and fight against me, what shall bee my protectour? who shal helpe me? Whyther shal I go? whither shal I flee? I wote what I shal do: I will turne me to thinges inuisible, & byng thē against the visible. And who shalbe the guide of so high & terrible an hoost: hope, whiche is of thinges inuisible. Hope, I sai shal come against heauines, and vanquyshe her. Who cā stande against hope: heare what the Prophete sayeth: thou arte (Lord) my hope, thou haste set thy refuge most high. Who shal stande agamst the lord? who can wynne hys towre of refuge, which is most high? wherefore I will call her: doubtles she will come, neyther will she cōfounde me. Lo, nowe

she.

she commeth, she hath brought gladnes, she hath taught me to fight, and she said to me. Crye, cease not. And I saied: what shall I crye? Crye (quod she,) boldely, and w all thy whole heart, say.

In te domine speraui, nō cōfundar in eternum, et in iustitia tua libera me.

That is to say: in thee (oh lord,) I haue trusted: I shal not be confounded for euermore: and in thy iustice delyuer me. Oh the wonderful power of hope: whose face heauynes cānot abide. Now commeth comfort. Let heauynesse crye now & struggle against me w her armie. Let ỹ world thrust down: let ỹ enemies make insurrecciō: I feare nothīg, for I trust (oh lord) in thee, for ỹ art my hope for ỹ hast put my refuge most highe. I haue alredy entered it: hope hath set me in. If my self entred not vnshamefastly, she shal excuse me before thee. Beholde (ỹ hope) o mā ỹ most his refuge of god,

open thine eies, and see: it is god alone: it is onely he, an infinite sea of substãce.

Other thinges so be, as thongh they were not. For all thynges depende of him, and onces he sustained them, they should sodeinly returne to nought: for of nought were they made. Consider the power of him, which in the beginninge created heauen and earth: Doth not he worke all in all thynges: who cã moue his hand without him: who can thinke any thyng of hymself: ponder his wisedome, which in tranquilitie gouerneth all, for he seeth all, and to hys eyes, all thynges be naked and open. This is he, which onely knoweth, how to delyuer thee, and onely can comforte and saue thee. But not thy truste in the children of men, in whom is no saluacion. The hart of mã is in his power, whither so euer he listeth, he wyll turne it. Thys is he, which may and can helpe thee. Doest thou suspecte hys wyl: Ponder hys goodnes, and consyder hys tender

loue.

loue. Is not he the louer of men, which for men became man, & for ſinners was crucified? This is thy trewe father, which created thee, which redemed thee whiche alwayes hath done good vnto thee. Can the father forſake his ſonne? Caſt thy ſelfe on him, and he wyll take thee vp and ſaue thee. Searche ỹ ſcriptures, and thou ſhalt finde how vnſelye hys greate tender loue moueth thee to truſt in hun. And why dooeth he that? Merely, becauſe he coueteth to ſaue. For what ſaieth he by the Prophete: becauſe he truſted in me, I wil deliuer hym. Lo, for none other cauſe he wyll deliuer him, but beecauſe he truſted in him. And what other thyng hath the Prophetes, the Apoſtles, yea he hiſelfe (the lord of the Apoſtles) preached, but that men ſhould truſt in the Lord: Sacrifice therfore (ye men) the ſacrifice of iuſtice, and truſte in the lord, and he ſhal deliuer you, and plucke you oute of all tribulacion. Oh ỹ great vertue of hope

truely she is spread abrode: for grace is spred abrode in her lippes. Oh thou is truly thy refuge, so high (good Lord) to which the euil of heauines cannot approche. This I knowe & vnderstonde. Therfore I trusted lord in thee. For though the weight of synne doeth greuously presse me: yet I cannot despaire for thy goodnes so gentli prouoketh me to hope, that I cannot be cõfounded for euermore. For a tyme I may wel be cõfounded, but for euermore surely I cãnot. For hope, whiche hath led me into thy moste highe refuge, hath taughte me to hope, not temporall thynges, but euerlasting. For hope is of thinges inuisible. But the thynges that be seen, are tẽporal. And the thynges ỹ be not seene are euerlasting. Wherfore, I hearinge the wordes of hope, which cõmeth to pluck me out frõ the hãdes of heauines, haue trusted lord in ỹ: coueting before al thinges, to be deliuered frõ my synnes, and through thy mercy & grace to come to

thynges

thinges euerlasting, which be inuisible. This is my first & chief desier: for my sī nes be a great tribulaciō vnto me. For from this, al other tribulaciōs yssueth. Take away (lord) my synnes, & I am free frō al tribulaciō. For tribulaciō & pensifnes of minde, procedeth from the foūtaine of the hart. For euery heauy=nes cōmeth of loue. If I loue my sōne and he dieth, I am troubled, because I haue lost ẏ which I loued. If I loue not my seruāt, & he dieth, I am not hea uy, because I haue lost ẏ I loued not. Take awaye therefore lorde my synnes through thi grace. And what remaneth thē, but ẏ I shal loue thee wt all my hole hart, & despise all temporall thynges of vaine? If thā, I haue thee by fayth, as whō also I hope to haue ẏ, which ney=ther eie hath sen, nor eare hath hard, nor hath not ascēded fro ẏ hart of mā. What thynges cā trouble me? That which I haue lost beside god, I haue lost that I loue not. In thee oh lord I haue trusted

lyke as my hope hath taught me to truſt therfore I ſhal not be confoũded for euer, for thou ſhalt geue me euerlaſtynge thynges. Whoſo truſteth not in thee, but in hys owne vanitie: ſhalbe confoũded for euermore: For he ſhall deſcende to eternal confuſion. I may be confoũded temporally, both of thee, and of all men: but I ſhall not be confounded for euermore. For of thee I may be confoũded, whyle I deſyer to be deliuered frõ temporal veraciõ: & peraduenture thou wylt not heare me. Truely than I am confounded temporally. For it is not expedient for me, ſyth ẏ vertue is made perfect in infirmitie. And of men I am temporally confounded, and they preuayle againſt me, whã they purſue me. But thys alſo thou ſuffereſt thẽ to do, that I ſhould not be confounded for euermore. Wherefore, if beefore thee, a thouſande yeares be, but as yeſterdaye, which is paſſed away. I wyll gladly ſuffer temporall confuſions, that I bee

not

not confounded for euermore. I wyll trust in the Lorde: for hope hath taught me to trust: and shortly I shalbe deliuered from all tribulacion. By what merites shal I be deliuered: Not by mine (Lorde) but by thy iustice deliuer me. By thy iustice (I say,) not by myne. I seke mercye, I offer not my iustyce. But if by thy grace thou wilt make me ryghteowyse, nowe I haue thy iustyce. The Pharises trusted in workes of iustice: they trusted in their owne iustyce: and therfore they were not subiecte to ỹ iustice of god. For of the workes of the lawe, shall no creature be iustified with thee. But the iustice of god appeareth by the grace of Iesu Chryst: yea, without the workes of the law. The Philosophers glorped in their iustice, and therfore they founde not thy iustice, because they entred not in at the doore. They were theues and robbers, which came not to saue, but to destroy and sley the shepe. Wherfore, thy grace is thy

iustice,

iustice lord: and it were no longer grace if it were geuen of the merytes, wherefore, not in my iustice, but in thy iustice deliuer me from my sinnes. Or (surely) deliuer me in thy iustice, that is to wit, in thy sonne, which only amongest mē is founde iust. What is thy sonne, but the very iustice, in which mē be iustified: wherfore, in thy iustice iustifye me, and delyuer me from my sinnes, that I may be also delyuered frō other afflicciōns, which I suffer therfore: so that the cause taken away, the effecte myght also be taken away. Lo, thee (oh Lorde) haue I besought, and I am comforted hope hath so taught me: I am replenyshed wyth ioye, because I trust in thee: therefore I shal not be confounded for euermore. Vncaynes commeth agayne wyth greate purueyaunce: she is returned wyth sweardes and spearcs on euery syde: she is defended with great violence: she walketh, she hath beseged our citye. The citie of her horsemenne hath

feared

feared me. Standing wroute, she com=
maunded silence: and a far of, she spake
saying: Oh (quod she) lo, yonder is he
that trusted in the Lorde, which sayed:
I shal not be confounded for euermore,
which hath folowed hope, his conforta=
trice. And whan she perceiued me at
these wordes to waxe ashamed (appro=
chyng me nigh) she sayd: where be the
promyses of thy hope? where is the cō=
forte? where is the deliueraunce? what
haue thy teares profyted thee? what
haue thy prayers broughte thee from
heauen? Thou hast cried, & no mā hath
answered thee: ẏ haste wepte, & no man
hath been moued w̄ pitie vppon thee: ẏ
hast called vpō thy god, & he holdeth his
peace: thou hast desired the helpe of the
saynctes, and none of them hath regar=
ded thee. Lo, what profit haue ẏ words
of hope brought thee? Thou hast labou=
red, and thou fyndest nothyng in thyne
handes. Thinkest thou that god regar=
deth the inhabitauntes of the earth?

Nay.

Nay, he walketh about the limittes of heauen, and considereth not oure matters. Thus we blasphemously speake. And when I (approchinge) shoke for feare at her wordes, she spake in myne eare saying: Trowest thou those thinges be trewe that fayth sheweth? wilt thou see that they be but mennes fantasyes? Thou shalt knowe hereby. For if God became man (as they sayed) and was crucified for men: it coulde not be, but that so great loue should comfort a man weepyng neuer so muche oppressed wyth heauynes: weepynge and cryinge vnto hym, if (as they saye) infinite goodnesse caused him to come down from heauen, to take vpon him the crosse: howe then should he not (now) come down to miserable men, that he might comfort thē? Surely thys is more easye, and wyth lyke loue oughte to bee holpen. Why do not the angels and sainctes, if they be so pitefull, come to comforte thee? Howe many men trowest thou, would, if they

mighte, come to thee: and with their wordes and workes (as much as they mighte) woulde comforte thee, whyche would also deliuer thee from all veracion: Why do not the sainctes this, which are thought to be farre better thā men? Beleue me, all thynges are gouerned by casualitie. There are no thinges, but those that be seene, your spirite shal vanishe awaye lyke smoke.

Who euer came agayne from hell or heauen, and tolde vs suche thynges as they say do chaunce to soules after this lyfe? These are but fables of fotish women. Aryse therfore, and flee to the mānes helpe, that thou mayest bee loosened from prison, and lyue in pleasure, and not be deceaued falsely of this thy hope, and alwayes be in payne and trouble. These thynges once sayd, so great crye was heard in her tentes, so great dinne of the harneis, and noyse of ỹ trompets, that vneth I coulde stande on my fete. And if my welbeloued hope, had not the

foure

ſomer holpen, heauines had led me bound with chaines to her region. Wherfore, hope came ſhining with a certain diuine bryghtneſſe, and ſmilingly ſhe ſayed: O ſouldiour of Chryſt, what hart, what mynde haſt thou in thys battail? Which I hearyng, forth wyth was ashamed. And ſhe ſayed, feare thou not, this euill ſhal not take thee, thou ſhalt not periſh lo, I am wyth thee to deliuer thee. Knoweſt thou not that it is wrytten: The vnwiſe manne ſayed in hys harte, there is no god. Thys, heauineſſe hath ſpoken, lyke one of the folyſhe women. Can ſhe perſuade thee that there is no god? or that god hath not the prouidēce of all thynges? Canſt thou doubte of fayth, which w̄ ſo many argumentes & reaſons haſt confirmed it: I wonder y̆ thou art ſo ouerthrowen to the ground at her wordes. Tell me (I pray thee,) be gannest thou to doubt in thy harte of fayth? And I ſayd: o my ſweete mother the liuing god is my witnes, & alſo my conſcience,

conscience, that I felt no maner prycke of infidelitie: for by the grace of Chryst I beleue no lesse those thīges to be true whych be appertayninge to fayth, then those thynges, whiche I beholde wyth my bodyly eyes. But (in dede) heauynes so pressed me, that rather I shoulde haue been brought to desperacion, than to infidelitie. Sonne, ẏ knowest ẏ thys is a great gyft of god, and commeth not of workes, that no man shoulde glorye. Wherfore aryse, and feare not, but rather knowe hereby, that the lorde hath not forsaken thee: whiche, althoughe he heareth not forth wyth, yet thou oughtest not to despayre. If he make taryaunce, abyde hym: for he will surely coe and not tary. The ploughman abydeth paciently the frute in the due tyme. Nature foorth wyth, geueth not ẏ perfecte shappe, whā she bringeth forth a thing: but first she prepareth ẏ matter, & dysposeth it by litle and litle, vntil she maketh it apt to receyue the shappe. Yet

knowe

wolde thou assuredly that the Lorde alwayes heareth him that praieth deuoutly and meekely: for they neuer departe voyde from hym. Neyther I will not labour to proue thys wyth reasons, because thou feelest it in thy selfe. Tell me, who lifted vp thy hart to god? Who induced thee to pray? who made thee to sorow for thy sinnes, and to wepe? who gaue thee hope? who made thee cheerful in thy prayer, and after thy praier? And also what is he, that dayely confyrmed thee in thy holy purpose. Is it not the lord, which worketh all in all thynges? Yf he then geueth thee continually these gyftes: why doeth that cursed woman say: where be thy praiers? where be thy teares? and other wordes of blasphemie: Knowest thou not that the heauenly Hierusalem is distincted from thys terrestryall? Knowest thou not that it is not conuenient, nor necessary, nor profytable, that god or hys angels shoulde descende visibly to men, and speake familiarly

miliarly to them. First, it is not conue=
nient, for so vnworthy be our merites.
How can light and darknes agree? Di
uers cities, haue citezens of contrary &
diuers natures. Howbeit, to some, for
excellent holynes, for asmuche as theyr
liues were heauenly, it was graunted
to see angels, and to speake with them.
But a special priuiledge belongeth not
to all. Nor it is not necessary, because ye
syth blessed angels inuisibly gouerneth
vs, illuminateth, and comforteth vs: it
nedeth not to shewe visible apparāces.
Howbeit, our lord is so good, that also
visible visions, (whan he seeth nede) he
doeth not omit. For what thing mighte
he haue done for our saluacion, and hath
not done it? Finally, it is not profitable
for ouermuch familiarity engendreth cō
tempte. For to the Iewes miracles
(both great and many) nothing auailed
For rare, be precyous. Wherefore let
the inuisible visitacion suffyce thee: for ye
lord knoweth what thou hast nede of.

Hath not he comforted thee? I knowe what thou thynkest in thy hart. Aryse than and returne to prayer. Crye, aske, seke, persever: for if he will not geue because thou art hys frende, yet for thine importunitie sake, he will geue all that be necessarye. With these wordes comforted, I arose and (prostrate beefore God) I proceded my prayer, saying.

Inclina ad me aurem tuam accelera vt eruas me.

That is to saye: bowe downe thyne eare vnto me, hasten thee to pulcke me out.

O Lord my god, to thee I returne: hope hath sent me vnto thee: I doe not come by mine owen presumpcion. Thy goodnes prouoketh me, thy mercy draweth me. Oh how great a gentleues is this? Surely, I ioy in my hart, and I desier none other consolacion. Happye (truely) is this necessitie, which compelleth me to come vnto thee: whiche constrayneth me to speake vnto thee: whiche enforceth

enkorceth me to praye. Wherefore, I speake to thee my god, though I be my selfe but dust and ashes: Bowe to me thyne eare. What sayeste ꝑ my soule? Hath god eares? Thynkest ꝑ that he is a bodely thyng? No certainly. For sith the spirite is farre better than the body who would say that god were a bodye, onles he be mad? Or who wyll thynke that he hath carnall eares, as men haue we nede not to doubt in thee. We know thee by thy creatures: we speake to thee and of thee, by the similitudes of them. Thyne eare then what is it Lord? Is it thy knowledge? For by the eares, we vnderstande those thynges, whiche be spoken vnto vs. Thou knewest frō the beginning, all thynges that menne speake and thynke: May we than vnderstande by thyne eare, thy knowledge Truely, thyne eare dooeth insynuate somewhat vnto vs, which is not comprehended in ꝑ name of thi simple knowledge: for vnto some thou bowest thyne

care, vnto other thou turnest it awaye. But thy knowledge alwayes abideth one. What other thynge than is thyne care, but the motion of thyne alowaunce and disalowaunce. Thou bowest thine care, and hearest the wordes of good men because they please thee, and thou alowest them. Contrariwise, thou turnest away thyne care from the wordes of ỹ wycked, because they will not departe from their wickednesse: therefore the wordes please thee not, but thou disalowest them. What is thē to encline thine eare to theirs, which speake vnto thee, but to alowe their prayers, and to beholde them wyth the countenaunce of pitie and mercy: to enlyghten and kyndle them: that wyth a trust and a feruent charitie they may pray and desyre thee: For thou wilt geue them ỹ, which they aske humbly. For if the kinge sheweth to a poore man (which cōmeth to speake wyth hym,) a merry countenāce and turneth his eies vnto hym, he wyll

hym

hymselfe ready to heare the poore mans cause: wyl not the poore manne then bee glad? Doeth not the countenaunce, and the attentifenes of the kyng, cause the poore man the more boldly to speake his matter, and minister wordes and eloquence vnto hym? yes vndoubtedlye. So likewise (Lorde) we perceiue thy eares to bowe thyne care to oure prayers, whan thou graunteste vs in oure prayers, to be feruent in spirite. I beeseche thee therfore (o mercyfull Lorde and father) bowe vnto me thyne care: allowe (I beeseche thee) my praier, enlyghten me, kyndle me, and teache me that I ought to are and desyer: illuminate and lyft vp my hart, that at ỹ last also, thou mayest heare my praier. Haste thee (o mercyfull Lorde) to pluske me out, shorten the dayes, cut of the tyme. So bowe vnto me (oh Lorde) thyne eare, that shortly I may be heard of the For vnto thee which abydest for euer, euery tyme is short. For eternitie com

prehendeth al, and exceadeth euery time But vnto me, euery day is longe: for tyme is a nombryng of the mouynge: so that he, which feleth no mocion, feeleth no time: but he that feeleth mouing feeleth tyme: and he (most of al) feeleth mouing, which numbreth the partes thereof. I therefore, which number ye daies and the houres, doe most of all feele the tyme. And therfore, like as vnto thee a thousande yeares, are but as yesterday that is paste: so vnto me, one daye is a thousande yeares, which are to come.

Wherfore, hast the Lord to pluckeme out from sinnes, and mine aduersaries, For death hasteneth, and in euery place awayteth for me. Hie thee Lorde, least perchaunce I bee preuented of it, and haue no space of repentaunce. Plucke me out (Lorde) from the hande of the malicious: deliuer me from the bondes of synne: take me from the snare of death: leade me oute of the depenesse of hell: saue me from oppression and the

harde

harde bondage of heauinesse, that my minde may rise vp and ioy in thee, and that I maye blesse thee all the dayes of my life. I thanke thee (Lord) in Jesu my sauioure: for accordynge to ỹ multitude of the sorowes in my hart, thy cõfortes hath reioyced my soule. Wherefore, I wil alwaies trust in thee, and I wil for my parte adde vnto all thy praise. Thou Lorde bowe thine eare vnto me, hasten thee to pluck me oute. Alas wretche that I am: loe, agayne heauynes commeth instructed with terrible armoures. The banner of iustice goeth before her: an innumerable hooste followeth her feete: eche hath a speare in hys hande. I beholde on euery syde instrumentes of death. Wo be to me, I am vndone: wyth an highe and horrible voice, she cryeth: O wretche: that saune thy hope hath deceiued thee: Loe, thou hast laboured in vayne, for thou saidest: Bowe thine eare to me; hasten thee to pluck me out. Hath God bowed his ear

vnto thee: Is thy praier heard: Whes is thy deliueraunce: where is thy comfort: Hath god hastened to plucke thee out: Yet art thou bounde and a prysoner, nothyng is altered. If thou beleuest fayth to be trewe, why doeste thou onely embrace hope: Knowest thou not that god is iust: knowest thou not his iustice: He spared not hys angels: he pitied not them, nor will pitie them: but for one onely synne, they be condempned for euermore. Adam synned, and the iustyce of God punished the whole mankynde wyth death. Thynkest thou the that god doeth not as well loue ryghtuousnes as mercy: Children departinge in original synne, shal neuer see the face of god, so rygorous is the iustice of god that for the synne, which they did not, but receaued by nature, they shalbe punished wyth euerlastyng payne: for in hell is no redemption. Knowest thou not, that god spareth not the defender? Dyd he not destroy in the time of noe,

almost.

almoste al mankynde: Dyd he not consume with fier Sodoma, and ỹ other cities adiouning vnto it: No, nor the diuine iustice hath not so much as taken compassion of infantes and innocētes. How oft punished he the Iewes often dyng: was not Hierusalem vtterly destroyed, by the handes of Nabuchodonosor: Neyther spared he hys owne tēple: for it was also destroyed of Tytus themperoure of Rome: why were the Iewes so cruelly punished, that ther is no man that heareth of it, but quaketh for feare. But see how sharpe the iustyce of god is, the chyldren for the fathers are punished euen to thys daye. Beholde the Iewes be slaues and captyues in euery place, and dyng in their blyndnes, are punished wyth euerlastyng payncs. Trowest thou thē, that the mercy of god is greater than his iustice: Truely in god it is neyther greater nor lesse. For whatsoeuer is in god in hys substaunce, his iustice notwithstanding

standing procedeth. But let vs consider the workes of iustice and mercye, & we shal euidently espie, that the workes of iustice doe excede ỹ workes of mercy. God himselfe is wi[illegible]saying: Many be called, & fewe elected. Marke howe many infideis be damned: howe many euil christen men there be: howe fewe lyue christianly: and thou shalt perceiue anone that there be far more vessels of iustice than of mercy. The electe are the vessels of mercy: they refuse, ỹ vessels of iustice. Lette not Marye Magdalene make thee trust, nor the theefe, nor Peter, nor Paule, for there was but one Mary, one theefe, one Peter, one Paul. Trowest ỹ to be accompted amongeste so fewe: which hast committed so many and so huge synnes: which haste been a slaunder in the church: which hast offended heauen & earth: Lo, thine eies hath wept, thy hart hath besought mercye: & as yet ỹ hast obtayned none. So many prayers of them ỹ loued thee, bee they harde:

hard? no, and why so? Surely, because thou art reputed amonge the vessels of pye. Thyne hope hath made thee to labour in vayne. Folowe my counsel, heauen hath cast thee vp, ỳ earth receyueth thee not. Who cā suffer this great cōfusiō? Better it is for thee to dye, thā to lyue: chose death: which, if no mā will bring vpō thee, lay handes vpō thy self, sley thy selfe. These wordes she wyth wonderful importunite laied vpon me: and al ỳ whole hooste wt loude voyce did rehearse the same, saying: death onely is thy refuge. But I hearing thys, was sore afrayed, and sodeynly fell downe vpon my face, cryinge out, and sayinge: Lord helpe me, lord forsake me not, cōe my hope, come my hope. Loe, sodeynlye hope glistering from heauen came down and touched my syde, and lyfted me vp, and did set me on my fete, and said: How longe yet shalte thou bee a babe? How longe wylte thou bee a nourye, and a yong souldier? Do ofte thou haste been

in

in battayle, and haue walked in the mi-
des of the darkenes of death, and haste
not yet learned to fyght: Be thou not
dysmayed of the great iustyce of God:
be thou comforted thou fainte harted fe-
lowe. Let them feare, which be not cō-
uerted to the Lorde: whiche walke in
their owne wayes: wyych folowe vani-
ties: which know not the way of peace
Let the wycked tremble, whiche doo
greuously synne, and say, what haue I
done: wyych be not conuerted to ỹ hart
wyych be called and refuse to come: they
know not god, and wyll not vnderstād
that they may doe wel. Let these feare.
What sayeth the Apostle: It is a dred
full thyng to fall into the handes of the
lyuing god. Such doubtles the iustice
of god punisheth: suche men pertayneth
to her. But synners whyche returning
agayne to themselues, do ryse agayne, &
runne to the father of mercyes, saying:
father, I haue synned agaynste heauen
and towardes thee: but be thou mercy-

full

full vnto me a synner. Lette suche haue trust in the lord: for he that hath drawē them, vndoubtedly wyl receiue them and iustifie them. Let heauinesse bryng forth (if she can) one synner (wer he neuer so greate,) whiche conuerted to the Lord, & was not receiued of hym, and iustified. For although it be wrytten of Esau, that he founde no place of repentaunce, though he sought it with teares thys maketh nothyng agaynst vs: for Esau dyd not wepe for hys synnes that he had committed, but for hys temporall goodes that he had lost, whyche he could not recouer. Nor thynke not that iustice doeth so pertayne to the wicked, that it is cleane seperate from mercye: nor agayne, that mercy doeth so belonge to rightwise men, that it is cleane seuered from iustice. For al the waies of the lord, is mercy and veritie. For he sheweth mercy also to synners, in geuynge them for the good dedes that they doe temporally, temporal rewardes: and after

ter this life, in punishinge them not so muche, as they deserued. Lykewyse his electe he pursueth with his iustice in punishing them temporallye for theyr synnes, that they be not punished euerlastyngly. Thou therfore, suffer paciently the Lorde: thou hast synned, bee sory for it: bee contented that throughe hys grace, thy sinnes is forgeuen ther. My sonne, despise not the correccion of the Lord: neither faint thou whan thou art checked of hym: for whom the Lord loueth, he chastyseth: he scurgeth euery childe that he receiueth. Continue then in affliccion, for god sheweth himselfe to thee, as vnto hys sonne. And thoughe there be few chosen children of god, hauing regarde to ỹ disalowed, yet there be innumerable, ỹ shalbe saued. Nether is there onely one Marye Magdalen, one theefe, one Peter, one Paul: for innumerable haue followed their steppes, (doing penaunce,) & are receyued of the Lord, rewarded wyth many and great

gifres

giftes of grate: nor mercy is no lesse in her workes than iustice. For mercy geueth so great good thinges to rightwise men, that her workes doe farre exceade the workes of iustice. Knowest ẏ not, that ẏ earth is full of the mercy of God? what creature cā glory, ẏ he hath receiued any thīg, which hath not takē it of ẏ mercy of god? And if ẏ hast greuously offended against god, yet his mercye is greater thē al ẏ sinnes of the worlde. Trouble not therefore thy selfe for the multitude & greuousnes of thy synnes. Hath not mercy nowe come runnynge and met thee? Lo, thou didst fal, & thou wert not hurt. And why so? Art ẏ not a fraile vessel: which if it fal, must nedes be broused, onles sōe bodi put vnder his hand? why thē whē ẏ didst fal, werte ẏ not hurt? who did put vnder his hand? who but the Lorde? Thys is a greate signe, that thou art electe: for the electe whan he falleth, shall not bee broused: for the Lorde wil put vnder his hand. Doeth not the Apostle write:

to them that loue god, al thinges worke to good: In so much, that the very synne worketh them to good. Doeth not that fall worke them to good, wherby they be made both humbler and warer. Doeth not the Lorde receyue hym, whyche is receyued of humilitie: Thou hast loued the lord many yeares, for his loue thou hast laboured, After thou didst ones lift vp thine hart, and walked in the vanitie of thy wit, the lord withdrew his hand and thou didst fal: and into the depenesse of the sea thou didst descende. Howbeit the goodnes of the lord forthwith putte vnder his hande, & thou wert not brou-sed. Say then, when I was violently shoued forth. I was ouerturned that I nought fal, and the lord toke me vp. Not so the wicked not so, whom god hath reiected. When they fall, they rise not again: but either wyth great shame they excuse their sinnes, or els they haue

- boldnes of an harlot: and after they

- feare god nor man. Aryse then

and

and be of a strong hart: bee mightie and valiaunt: abide the Lorde and doe manfully: and let thyne hart be enstrengthned, and suffer the lord. Thou hast preued thine own poorenes, how it is of no force. Then humble now thy self vnder the puyssaunt hande of god, and henseforth be more ware. Pacience is necessary to thee, wythout ceassing praye, and the Lord shall heare thee in due tyme. Aryse than, and lay away al heauinesse from thy selfe: embrace the feete of the Lord, and he shall saue and deliuer the. These wordes sayd, she was rauyshed into heauen, leauyng me enstrengthned and wonderfully comforted: whō, forth wyth, all my hart ensuyng, I stode before god, and fallyng downe before my fauioures feete, I said with a bolde cōfydence.

Esto mihi in deum protectorem, et in locum munitum vt saluum me facias.

That is to say: Be vnto me (o God) protectour, and an house of refuge, that thou maiest saue me.

For thou (god) art of all, the greatest and the strongest: thou the redemer and sauiour of al, thou the protectoure of the faithful, to thee I flee boldelye. Hope hath brought me in: hope, whiche thou so dearely doest loue, whom thou haste alwayes commended vnto vs, wher haue I not feared to come before thy face. I graunt I am vnworthy: but she drewe me, I feared to approche neare (for my manifolde synnes) but she hath encouraged me. Lo, she standeth before thee, she beareth witnes, I beyng flesshe and a sinner speake to my Lord my self hope taught me, and sayd to me, ꝑ boldly I should open my mouth. Swete & gentle (quod she) is the Lorde, he wyll not dryue thee away: he wyll not be angry: he wil gladly heare, and whatsoeuer thou desireste, he wil geue it thee, I beleued, for which cause I spake. But consy-

consideringe thy maiestie, I was greatly humbled, and I saied in my traunce, euery man is a lyar: I will neuer more trust in man, but in thee onely: ỳ onelye art faithfull in all thy wordes, and euery man is a lyar. What shal I yelde vnto thee, (oh Lorde) for all that ỳ hast geuen me: The cuppe of saluacion I will take: for from henceforth, I wyll lyue not vnto my selfe, but vnto thee: doinge good for thy loue, I will suffer al euils: I will not doe this through mine owne might, but I wyll cal on the name of ỳ Lorde. My vowes I wyll yelde to all thy people. For in the syght of God, the death of his sainctes, is precious. Bee then vnto me a God and protectoure, defende me from myne enemyes. Myne enemies are my synnes: which prouoke thy righteousnes againste me. I shall not be able to stande againste them, if ỳ doest not protecte me.

Let thy mercy be my shielde o lord, and with ỳ shielde of thy good wyll, crowne

me. I haue nothyng to offer vnto hym wherewyth I maye temper hys furie, all that I bring with me, accuseth me. Wherefore, I wyll offer thy passyon Lorde: bee not displeased Lorde God: but rather bee vnto me god and protectoure: vnder thy wynges protecte me: with thy shoulders shadowe me: and vnder thy fethers I wyll truste. What shall iustice do to me, if thou kepest me vnder thy protection? she wyll holde her peace lord, and putte vp the swoorde of her furye: she shalbe made tame and gentle: seeing the goodnes of thyne incarnacion: beholding the woũdes of thy passion: considering the bloud of thy charite: she wil departe from me, and saye: Be mery sõne, thou hast found me, eate in peace, slepe and reste together wyth me. Therefore Lord, be vnto me a god, a protectour, an house of refuge: that in the tyme of rayne and storme: in ỹ tyme of temptacions: I may flee vnto thee, for in thee onely is my health, be thou

vnto

vnto me a house of refuge: open vnto me, thy side perced with the speare: that I may enter the breast of so tender loue in which, I may be safe from the feblenes of spirite, and from tempest: hide me in thy tabernacle, in the day of euils: protecte me in an angle of thy tabernacle: let it bee the house of my refuge, ỹ thou maiest make me safe: for I cannot bee but safe in the house of thy refuge: for thou hast put thy refuge most high: this place is wel fenced: no enemies is there feared: would god I myght alwaies abide in it: who dwelleth in it cannot be wounded. Wherfore, in all temptacions at all trybulacions, at all necessities, opē Lorde vnto me the house of thy refuge, spreade abroade the bosome of thi tender loue: shewe forth the bowels of thy mercy, that thou mayest make me safe, lette not the tempter come thyther: lette not the slaunderer clyme vp: lette not that noughtye accuser of hys brethren approche: I shall bee then sure withoute

chre: yea, me thinketh already I am exceadingly well and quiete: I thãke the good Jesu, that thou hast sent thy hope vnto me: which hath raised me of dust and donge, lyft me vp, and set me before thee, that thou shouldest be my God my protectoure, and the house of my refuge to thentent thou shouldest saue me. My mynde is troubled: Lo, heauines is at hande: she commeth wyth the banner of iustice: from yesterdayes conflicte, she departeth not, but she is defended with other weapons: for this might she hath stolen away my weapons, and wt my swordes she hath girded her souldiers. Wherfore vnweapened & weake, what shal I do? Lo, how bitterly she cryeth: with what assaulte she setteth vpõ me, what a trust she hath of the victorye. Where (quod she,) is thy protectoure? where is thy house of refuge? where is thy health? Continuest thou styl in thy vayne hope? Thy comfortes procede but of ymagynacion. Thou ymaginest God mercy-

merciful, and thy protectoure, and the house of thy refuge, and thou thynkest thou climmest vp to heauen. Surely, ẏ art illuded of thy fantasye, and comforted with vayne hope. Thinkest ẏ that thou art rauished vp to the third heauē These are but dreames. Recoumpte wt thy selfe, howe greuousse an offence is ingratitude? Dooeth not thys drye vp the fountayne of mercye? Remember, Christ wept for ẏ citie of Hierusalem. and tolde afore the euilles ẏ shoulde fal vpon it, saying: The daies shal come vpon thee, and thyne enemies shal besege thee, and compasse thee about, and driue thee into streates, and beare thee down to the grounde, and thy children that be in thee: & they shall not leaue in thee a stone vpon a stone. Nor the cause of so great vengeaunce he kepeth not cloose, but added it, saying: Because ẏ knewest not ẏ time of thy visitacion. Lo, ingratitude deserueth not onely to be deprynued of benefites, but also greuously tobe

punished. Doeth not thys belong to the soule? Doeth not Hierusalem often times in Scripture signifie the soule? which, whan it wil not knowe the visitacion of the Lorde, is beseged with deuils, and wyth sondrye temptacyons: wherewyth it is afflicted, falleth down to earthly thynges, is prostrate, nor no good vertue, nor no good dede is left in it, which is not destroyed: for it is spoyled of all grace: neyther is it builded agayne, she knoweth not the tyme of her visitacion. Thou truely, thou (I saye) art this citie, enriched of god with many and greate benefites: and thou acknoweledgest it not, but wert vnkind: he created thee to his own likenes, in ye mids of hys churche (not among the infidels) he made thee to be borne, he dyd set thee in a floryshyng citie: wyth the water of baptisme he sanctified thee: in a religious house he brought thee vp. But thou rannest after thy lustes, in ye vanitie of thy brain: thou walkest, thou

rannest

rannest down into depe synnes: the lord called thee, and thou answeredst not. He oft aduertysed thee, and thou regardest not hys counsel. How ofte dyd he lyghten theee? Howe ofte dyd he turne thee to thyne harte? How oft dyd he awake thee from slepe? He inuited thee, and thou excusedst thy selfe: he plucked, and thou dydst resyst hym. At the laste, hys ineffable goodnes ouercame thee. Thou didst offende, and he visited thee: thou fellest, and he plucte thee vp: thou wert ignoraunt, and he taughte thee: ẏ wert blynde, and he lyghtned thee from the rumble of the world, from the tẽpest of the sea, he brought thee to quyetnes, and to the porte of relygyon: he gaue thee habite of holy conuersaciõ: he made thee hys pryest: he broughte thee to the scholes of hys wysedome: and yet thou hast alwayes been vnkynde, and neglygently thou hast done the will of ẏ lorde when yet thou knewest it writtẽ. Cursed is he that dooeth the woorke of the

lorde

Lorde negligently. For thus the goodnes of god did not leaue thee, but alway brought thee gently to better: & whiche is moste of al, garnished thee w knowledge of scripture: the worde of preachīg he put in hys mouth, and dyd sette thee in the middes of hys people, as one of ỹ great and famous men. Thou, (thys not wyth standyng,) taughtest other, & regardest not thy selfe: other thou healdest, and thy selfe thou sauedst not: thou liftedst vp thy hart in thy worshyp, and therefore thou hast lost thy wysedom in thy worshyp. Nought wert thou made and nought shalt thou be for euermore. Knowest thou not that the seruaunte knowyng the wyll of the Lorde, and doing it not, shalbe beaten wyth many strypes: Doest not thou knowe that god resisteth the proude: Howe fellest thou Lucifer, which didst spring vp in the morninge, which didst wounde the gentiles, which saydest in thy heart: I wyll clime vp to heauen. But ỹ wert

plucked

plucked down to hell, into the depe of ye lake: vnder thee lieth the mothes, and thy hilling is wourmes. Thinkest thou now to fynde mercy, which hast offēded many: which so ofte called and admonished of God, wouldeste not aunswere? Where was then the iustice of God? Where was then the equitie of iudgement? Mercy doeth not alwaye folowe sinners: for she hath set her boundes.

Is it not writtē: I haue called, and ye haue beckned away. I haue spreade abrode my handes, & there was none ye would loke vpō me, ye haue despiled my counsel, & neglected my increpations: I also (in your decay) wil laugh & ieste whan that thinge that ye feared come vnto you. Lo, not alwayes mercye geueth pardon to ye sinner: Doest not thou consider ye degrees of mercy to haue an ende: in ye whiche beeing adourned wt so many benefites of god, diddest fall into the deepe sea which garnished with so many graces, for thy pryde & vaynglo-

ry

ty swert a slaunderer to the sworld: Let not then vayne hope deceiue thee, whō thou folowest: ryue hence forth after thy lust and appetyte: be not punished both in this lyfe, and in the other wyth eternal payines: chooſe to dwell wyth them, which leade their dayes in pleasure, and in a moomente goe down to hel. For let not shame holde the backe. Take the forehead of an harlot: lette vs eate and drynke, for to morowe we shall we dye. Thy woūde is despayred on, it is made incurable. When she had sayed these wordes, all the hooste cryed oute wyth horryble voyces, & repented her wordes saying: thy woounde is despaired on, and made vncurable. I remembrynge the aduertysements of my mother, though I was somewhat deiecte in mynde, yet (to my power) I plucked vp my selfe, and stode vpon my fete, and liftinge vp myne eyes to heauen, from whence I hoped for helpe. And lo, hope wyth a cheerfull countenaunce, furnyshed wyth

diuine

diuine beames, descendyng from aboue sayed: Who is that whyche cnuolueth sentences with vnlearned woordes? whych setteth boundes to infinite mercye? whyche foly she person thynketh to beare the waters of the sea in her hãdes? hast thou not heard the Lord, sayyng: in what houre soeuer the sinner bewaileth hys synnes, none of al hys iniquities I wyl recorde? What man is he ỹ sinneth not? Who can saye my heart is cleane? The pater noster belongeth to all: in which al men are compelled to say: Dimitte nobis debita nostra. Forgeue vs our synnes. Our Lord taught the Apostles thus to praye. Doeth not then thys prayer belonge to other? The Apostles first receiued the holy gost. And why taught he them thus to praye, yf they had no synne: and if they had, who can reioyse that he is no synner? Yeare the beloued disciple of the Lorde: if we say (quod he) that we haue no sinne, we begyle our selues, and the trueth is not

in

in vs. Iames the Apostle, in manye thynges (quod he) we al offende. Wherfore, al haue sinned, and nede the mercie of god: yea euen the holye men of God. For it is wrytten: Seuen tymes a day falleth the iust man, and he shall ryse agayne. Wherfore mercye hath no limytes nor bondes. But so oft as the siner lamenteth hys gylte, so oft he obteineth mercy. Neyther doeth it skill, whether we speake of great or of lytle offences. Thou hast fallen: aryse, and mercy shal take thee vp.

Thou shrinkest: cal, and mercye shall come vnto thee. Agayne ꝑ fallest: again thou shrinkest: turne thee to the Lord, and the bowels of his pitie shal open to thee. Thou fallest the thirde time, and the fourth. Knocke, cry, & mercye will not forsake thee. As ofte as ꝑ synnest, so ofte rise agayne, and mercy shal haue none end. Why doest thou vpbraide the benefites that thou haste taken, o thou wretched woman, heauinesse? Did not

David

Dauid ỹ great Prophete receiue many and great benefites: Of whō the lorde said: I haue founde a manne accordyng to my hart: and yet he synned, and that greuously, as wel in aduoutry, as in the murdering of a good and innocent persone: and yet the lord ended not his mercy in hym. What bringest thou ỹ synne of pryde: Dyd not Dauid lyft vp hys harte, and caused to number the people of Israel: For he gloried as though he had been a great kyng, and a mightie in hys owne strength and puyssaunce: and yet he was not reiecte for thys. Why: For he did not hyde hys synne: he dyd not bost it as Sodoma dyd, but he said: I wil confesse (against my self) mine in iustice to the Lorde. Wherefore, mercy hath set no limites nor bounders vnto her selfe, but the wycked and damned persones do set endes to thē selues, that they may not passe vnto it: for she commeth to them but they dryue her away. Wherfore, it is written: Thy perdicion

Israel

Israel is of thy selfe: of me onely is thy helpe. Open thy mouth, (sayeth mercy) and I wil fil it. Holde out thy bosome & I wil geue thee a good mesure, & heaped ful, flowing ouer. Contynue in praiers and weping. For he that hath begō to loue thee, and prouoke thee wyth benefytes and graces to hys loue, wil not leaue thee, but geue thee encrease & perfourme the rather his worke. What natural cause begynneth a worke, & leaueth in ẏ mid way? The vertue of seede ceasseth not, vntyll it hath broughte the fruite to perfeccion. What birde leaueth her yonge, before thei be able to rule thē selues? why doe they thys? what profyte commeth vnto them of this? None truely, but only laboure. Loue then cōpelleth the natural causes to bring their effectes to perfeccion: goodnes compelleth them which they couet to poure out for goodnes alwayes defendeth it selfe. If then the creatures dooe thys, what shal the creator dooe? for he is the selfe

loue

lothe, yea, he is infinite goodnes. Shall not he make perfect hys worke? Yeare the lord Jesus. It is my worke (quod he,) to doe the will of him that sent me: that I should make perfect his worke. He then that began to loue thee: wyth his giftes and free benefites to allure thee vnto him: to clense thee, and also to purge thee from sinne: Without doubt, he wil make perfect his worke: for these be the preparacions of euerlasting life. Why therefore nowe when thou didst fall, wert thou not brused? was it not because the Lorde did putte vnder his hande? And why did he put vnder hys hand? why did he turne to thee thy hart why did he prouoke thee to repētaunce? why did he comfort thee? was it not because he would make thee cleane & sticke vnto him, and make thee worthye hys grace, and bryng thee to euerlastig life. These be not illusions, and thine ymaginacions: but diuine inspiracions. But be it, let them be imaginacions, be they

not good? Doe they not come from the vertue of faith? Wherfore, sith all good ysseth from God, vndoubtedlye these imaginacions are diuine illuminatiõs. Reioyse therfore in these wordes. At these wordes mine hart was so comforted: that for ioye I begaune to sing, saying:

Dominus illuminatio mea: & salus mea, quem timebo?

Dominus protector vite mee, a quo trepidabo?

That is to say: The Lorde is myne enlightning and my healthe: whom shall I feare?

The Lorde is the protectoure of my lyfe: of whom shall I then be abashed?

At the feete of the Lorde prostrate with weping, I saied: Lorde, though a feade bee pytched agaynste me, myne

harte

harte shalt not feare: for my fortytude and my refuge arte thou: and for thy names sake thou shalte bringe me vnte and nourysshe me.

¶ An ende of the exposicion of Hyeroms of Ferrarie, vppon the Psalme of In te domine speraui: whiche prevented by death, he could not fynysshe.

¶ A prayer for the reader, expressing after what sorte scrypture should be read.

O Moste mercyfull and euerlyuynge God: of whose incomparable goodnes we receaue al thinges necessary that we lacke, & of whose greate grace we vse well that thing which we receaue: so ẏ at thy holsome hand we both receaue all such good thynges as we haue, and the grace also to vse (to our health and thine honoure) the thing we receaue. Graũte vs most fauourable father, this one of thy greatest giftes that euer thou gauest to mankinde, the knowledge of thy holy wil, and glad tidings of our saluaciõ, this great while oppressed with the tiranny

trample of thyne aduersarie of Rome, & his fautors: and kepte close vnder hys Latine letters: and now at length pro= mulgate, published, and set at libertie: by thy grace powred into the harte of thy supreme power our prince (as al kinges hartes be in thy hande) as in ỹ olde law= thou didst vse lyke mercy to ỹ people of Israel, by thy hie instrumente the good king Iosia: which restored the temple decayed to his former beautie: abolished al worshipping of ymages and idolatry and set abrode thy lawe (by the space of many hundred yeares beefore,) cleane out of remembraunce and knoweledge: by reason wherof he merited and deser= ued the renowme and name of the beste prince that euer before reigned or after should beare rule ouer Israel. Graunt vs most fauourable father, whiche art wont to geue good giftes to thy childrē this thy gracious gift, graunted by thee and receiued by our soueraigne ruler vn der thee, thākfully to receaue, & ryghte=

bely to vse, to the glory of thy holi name, and sauegarde of our sinfull soules.

Graunt vs (o lorde) here at to learne perfect & kaythfull obedyence vnto thee, and to oure gouernoures, ordeined by thee. Graunt vs most merciful god, to rede it with al reuerence, to study with al diligence, and in our liuing to put it in vre, and in experience: that not all onely our wordes, but also our workes maye liuely expresse it: that we maye not all onely learne it, but also liue it: that they which haue no knowledge of thee, may reade in the lyuely boke of our good cō-uersacion, thy holy learninge: that they by our good ensample may be allured & entysed to thy holy law. The seruaunt (Lorde) knowyng hys masters wyll, and not fulfilling it, shalbe sooze scour-ged and beaten.

Alas then, that euer we should be so far behynde hande, that ỹ thyng whiche is the very instrument of oure saluacyon, should thzough our wickednes, heape to

vs

vs death and damnacion. Let ꝯ (lorde) be farre from vs thy seruauntes: but as thou hast geuen vs the gyft of knowe=ledge: so geue vs the power to fulfyll ꝯ thyng that we knowe. And ꝯ (Lorde) which onely hast the keye of Dauid: & whiche when thou openest, no man clo=seth: and when thou closest, no man can open: which hast hid these hyte mysteries from great worldly wise men, and haste disclosed them to poore, simple, lowe, and lowly ones.

Graunt vs (lorde) an hũble & a meke spirite, vtterly distrustinge oure owne wittes, & calling to thee for wysedome, which art the self wysedome, & authour of al wisedome: and whiche geuest it to al folkes, that seke it of thee stedfastlye, and with faith. Graunt vs (lord) to vse it as a light and a glasse: to loke, spye, & amende our owne fautes by: rather thẽ to checke, taunt, and rebuke other mẽ. Graunt vs (Lord) to builde our selues vppon the rocke and stones of sted=

fast faith: to thinke and beleue to be true (though our simple capacitie cannot at the first attayne and reache thereto) all thing, which is contained in this worshipfull volume: So that oure senses be captiue to thy holy will. Let vs not (Lorde) bee to deepe and curious ransackers of ỹ misticry of thy diuine maiestic, least we be oppressed of thy glorye. But let vs rather reade suche thynges with humble reuerence, then to wade to deape in them, with subtil questions. Graunt vs Lorde not to mystake, nor misvnderstande. Let not that (Lorde) which shalbe a lanterne to our pathes, and lyght to our steppes, be a stombling stocke to our feete: and throughe oure corrupte and lewde vnderstandyng, an occasyon of darke errour and heresies. O corrupte and venemous nature of mankinde: which of lightnes searcheth out darkenes: of health sickenes: of tryacle venime: and of lyfe death: the faulte Lorde is not in thee, nor in thy worde,

but

but in oure fleshelye iudgementes and
byth poison: whiche (Lorde) throughe
thy holy spirite, make ofsowle, cleane:
of darke cleare: of wrong ryght: and of
fleshely, spiritual: that we may sincerely
purely and ryghtly, reade, perceiue, and
vnderstande thy holy Testament, and
last wyll, confirmed wyth thy death, &
sealed with thy precious bloud: and bee
true, faythful, and ful administratours
thereof: that at the laste we maye haue
that thyng, which therin is bequeathed
vs that beleue, loue, and labourein thy
commaundementes: that is to saye, the
inheryta[illegible]nce of euerlastynge lyfe.

Graunte (Lorde) vnto our moste gra=
cyous gouernesse & Quene, that as she
hath graciously begonne, and hitherto
hath (through thy mercye), had prospe=
rous successe, in settyng forth of thy ho=
ly worde (a seruice, no lesse acceptable to
thee, then profitable vnto vs) that she
may vertuously atchiue thys thy hyghe
and Godly enterpryse, to the vtter abo=
lyshemente

lyshemente of Antichriste, and all hys sectes: and after her tēporall crown here, she maye haue an euerlasting crown, which is due by thy promyse to all suche as so valiauntlye defende thy fayth. Amen.

God saue the Quene.

¶ An other meditaciō of the same Hieronimus Sauanorola, vppon the .lxxx. Psalme of Dauid. Qui regis Israell intende.

Thou that hast Israell in thy gouernaunce, thou that leadest Joseph as he were a shepe, haue regarde vnto vs.

FOr asmuch, as we do acknowledge thee, O Lorde, by woorkes broughte to passe thorowe thy power: then doe we say that ẏ arte bent also to dispose and order all thynges, when as thou dooeste brynge them to their full ende and perfectnes.

fectnes. Contrary wise, if þ suffrest thē to fall from their perfecte ende, then doe we plainly pronoūce, that thy gouernemente is withdrawen.

Considering therfore, how that al the world is (as touching true and gostelye worshipping of thee) in great daunger: both because ỳ most part lyeth in darkenes of unistrust or infidelitie: or also because the faythfull sort is almost wholy corrupted: so that now a daies this may be truely spoken: Thei haue al swarued out of the right way: thei are al become vnprofitable: none there is that dooeth good, no not so muche as one flee to thee for succoure: not doubtyng, but marueilyng, and humbly beseching thee, ỳ thou wilt not be like as men which whē thei are earnestly sette on thynges that they loue well, they take no hede or very lutle vpon other, whom they haue not in so great price. Thou therfore (o Lord) which art the ruler of Israel: that is to say, of all them that beholdeth the in ure

euer-

euerlastyng, to whose gouernaũce thou seuest much to geue thy selfe: take also regarde vnto oure ayde and mayntenaũce: for in that heauenly region wher as thy blissefull sainctes dooe sette thee after a meruelous order and exceadinge glory of the inhabitauntes: it appeareth vnto them, as if thou were so occupied in preseruing and keping them, ỹ thou mightest be thought to haue vtterly forgotten vs: amongest whom all thynges are troubled confounded and put out of ryght order. For which cause we hartely praye thee (that haste dominion ouer heauen and earth in quietnes:) doe not so attende onely to the blessed companye there aboue, that thou wylte leaue dismaide and comfortles, thy faythfull assembly here beneath.

Wherefore haue regarde vnto oure helpe and furtheraunce (o lord) that haste Israel in thy gouernaũce, haue regarde (good Lorde) that leadest Joseph euen as a shepe is led.

For

For by Joseph which betokeneth in-
crease what is ment but the faithful and
deuoute people? Albeit, a younge sort of
people, whom thou begottest in thyne
olde age: that is, in this our last and vn-
fortunable time: which abideth hamous
pursuing and reuenging of hys brethrē
and is mocked also and wronge named
of them (namely) a dreamer. Thys Jo
seph as he groweth from daye to day in
more greuous combraunce and trouble:
so doest thou leade hym thorowe fier &
water, euen as meke and gentyll sheepe
vnto the shambles, beeing continuallye
tamed and brought lowe: so that, by fet
ters and prisons, he may passe forth vn
to that kyngdome, and those pastures,
which are freashe and flourishing for e-
uer and euer. Whereupon, thou that
in this wise leadest Joseph like a shepe
art misdemed of the vnfaythful, to passe
nothyng of thy matters: and therfore be
presente Lorde, and ready to reliefe and
defende vs: that the wyckrd langlers
mouthes

mouthes may be stopped: for we do not craue gold nor riches, nor yet promocions of thys worlde: but we couet thy light, and we earnestly desier to knowe thee.

Thou that sittest vppon the Cherubins, shewe thy selfe also beefore the eyes of Ephraim, Beniamin, and Manasse.

Cherubins, betokeneth plentuousnes of knowledge: Ephraim bringing forth fruicte: Beniamin, the sonne of ỹ ryght hande. Manasse forgetfulnes. Thou therfore, that sittest and arte at reste (in thy selfe) from eache worke that thou hast ordeyned and art fastened in ỹ seate of thine euerlastyng mancyon, and doest continue in the height of thy maiestyes throne, as the kyng, as the Lorde, and as the iudge and master of all: thou (I saye)

saye) that sittest vpon the Cherubins (for
is) vpon the plenteousnes of knowledge
and al vnderstanding: (for that thou art
vndoubtedly a secret god and vnsearch-
able) be opened and appeare shewe thy
selfe I beseche thee hartely, vnto Eph-
raim that is to saye, vnto thy people,
which nowe bringeth foorth fruite to
thine honoure, so that they maye knowe
thee fully and perfectly. For whoso kno-
weth thee, he loueth thee better thē him
selfe, and doeth wonderfully profite the
congregacion. Be reuealed also beefore
Beniamin: that is before all thy chosen
and marked sorte (abiding here, or elles
where) which no doubt euen for thy ve-
ry choise and appoyntement, are made
worthy to be called the children of thy
right hande: so that thy people may en-
creace, and that thy children dyspersed
abrode, maye come together: and that
there may be one sheepe, one house, and
one sheepehearde.

Open thy selfe also to Manasse, (to

al the infideis) whō thou semest to haue cast out of remembraunce, because they haue forgotten thee: for so much, as thou hast so long withdrawen from them the lode of lyfe. Shewe thy selfe at ỹ last vn to al the world: that men may come out of darknesse and from the shadowe of death, into light: and may set strayghte their steppes into the waye of peace. But if the stubbourne secte wil not yelde to amendemente, and if the number of those fooles be exceading great.

Rayse vp thy power, and coume, that thou maiest make vs sauke.

Lo, the riche oppresseth the poore: ỹ rulers despolleth the symple flocke the vngodly pursueth the righteous wyth= out any pitie: thy faythfull findeth fewe fatherly helpers neither haue they any mainteiners.

Ful many a one (alas) is drawen to hel, thorowe ȳ euil ensamples of prieſts and the clargy: which ar cleare without hope of recouery towardes amēdemēt. There are a paſſing nomber of noiſome pharyſeis: a great rablement of harmefull hipocrites: with whoſe poyſoned exhortacions and leſſons, the whole world is infected. Thei will note here ȳ words of trueth no manne may correcte them: wherby thy faythful dare not once lift vp their heade.

What doeſt thou (o lord): whi ſleapeſt thou: Wherfore doeſt thou withholde thy myght: ſtire vp thy powre I humbly beſeche thee, and come thou that art euery where wyth thy ſcourgis: and with thy ſtrengeh, ſtrike theſe falſe and miſcheuous deprauers of thy word: deſtroy theſe craftie and malicious accuſers of thy ſeruauntes: and condempne theſe obſtinate and diuelliſhe diſpiſers of thy grace. I doe not ſay this, I doe not wiſhe it, neyther dooe I thys as

though

though I had delighted to se them thus punished: but that thou mayest saue vs thine elected and chosen seruunge thee cõtinually, louing thee aboue al things, and euer moze obeyuing thy decrees and cõmaundementes. Thou answerest me perchaunce in this wise: if I shal caste in my swoꝛde of vengeaunce: if I shall sende pestilence amõg them: oꝛ if I shal pyne them wyth hunger: thynkest thou then, that thou thy self also canst continue in so much and in so greuous trouble?

O good god, do thou turne vs and shewe vs thy face, and we shal then be in sauegarde.

Foꝛ why, we are fraile and feble, neither trust we in our own vertue oꝛ powꝛer: foꝛ that we are not able of our selues sufficiently as once to ymagen any thyng of our selues: but our sufficiẽce

is of god: for thys mortall lyfe & flesh is bourdanous vnto the minde: and thys earthly dwellynge, holdeth downe the witte, coueting to contemplate sondrye matters. Wherfore, do thou conuert vs o god: Turne vs to thee, from earthlye thoughtes to heauenly thynges: tourne vnto thee our disobediēt and rebellious will and arbitrement: And to vs once turned, shewe thy countenaunce that we may knowe thee, and declare thy power: that we maye feare thee and vtter thy wisedome: that we may honor thee, and shewe forth thy goodnes: and that we may loue thee: shewe thy selfe once: shewe thy selfe agayne: shewe thy selfe continually, that we may passe through trouble wyth a gladsome chere, and so shall we be safe. For if thou preserue vs, we shalbe in sauegarde: if thou takest away thy hande, we cannot be saued. Why tarriest thou lord: why doest thou not fauourably heare my request.

Lord

Lorde god of mighte, howe longe arte thou angry with thy seruaunt praying vnto the.

Full ofte haue I asked thee: right lōg haue I desired thee: many a time haue I besought thee. Wherfore thē dooeste thou not graciously ipsten vnto me? Wherfore doest thou make such delaye? why? Arte thou yet so displeased with me for my sinnes: if thou doest accompt and recken my faultes lord; Lorde who shalbe able to abide thee? Therfore (O Lord) that hast power to doe all things o god that rulest all thynges: vnto whō all they which dwel vpon the world do obeysaunce: whom high powers, whō the heauens, and their dominions, doo reuerently feare. Lorde god of mighte, how long wilt thou be angry wyth thy seruaunt praying vnto thee? where is thine entire loue: where is thy strēgth where is thy manifolde mercye: what?

Are they refrained and kept away ouer
vs: we wilcy vnto thee both nighte &
day, knowing verely, that if so be thou
wylt make a tarryaunce, yet wilte thou
at the laſt, gētly heare our importunate
ſute.

**Thou ſhalt fede vs with bread
of teares, & ſhalt geue vs drinke
of teares by meaſure.**

I hope (I ſay) that I ſhalbe heard,
for that thou haſt euermore loued truth
deny thy ſelfe, thou canſt not. For thou
haſt promiſed: Aſke, and it ſhalbe geuē
thee: ſeke and ye ſhal fynde: knocke, and
it ſhalbe opened vnto you. Albeit, firſte
thou ſhalt fede vs with bread of teares,
wyth bitter bread, and with pleaſaunte
bread: for teares ar both ſower & ſwete:
ſowre, for the abſcēce of goodnes: ſwete
for the certētie of fyndīg out goodnes.
Bitter they be, becauſe ỹ truſt, whiche
is dryuen of and delayed, greueth the
poore

poore sowle: pleasaunt they are, for the presence of thy swetenes: whiche stirreth vs vp to pray, and causeth vs to call vpon thee wyth vnspeakeable syghes. And thou shalt geue vs drynke of the cuppe that is in thine hande, full of the swetenes of pure wyne: for why, thy comfortyng shal reuiue oure spirites, & quicken our myndes, euen accordyng to the heape of the grefes and anguyshes in our hartes. Drynke therefore shalte thou geue vs in the teares of troubles: which washeth the face of our cõsciẽce: whiche cleareth oure vnderstandinge: which moysteneth oure heartes wyth deuocion: and yeldeth vs the sauoure of loue and of charitie. Then thy good teares, are swete teares doubtles: why che hath been foode to vs daye and nyghte. Heate vs therfore thou shalt: but before that, shalt thou fede vs, and geue vs drynke in teares: not more then we can beare or suffer, but in measure after the limites of the trueth, for thou wilte not

let vs be tempted more thē we cā beare but wilt also make thys profite to come of thy prouing: ẏ is, that we shal be the better able to suffer. Thou shalte feade vs (I say) wyth teares, not alwayes, but a certen time, which thou hast putte in thyne own power. Now, lo, when ẏ same time appointed is once come: then shal our wepyng and waylinge haue an ende: then shall thyne anger cease: then shal oure prayers bee accepted. Thou shalt turne vs to thee: thou shalt shewe vs the lyght of thy countenaunce: thou shalt rayse thy myght: thou shalte make vs safe and sounde: and thou shalte bee reueled and opened: that is to saye, thou shalt shew thy selfe beefore Ephraim, Beniamin, and Manasse: & thou shalte enlarge thy churche, and take regarde to the gouernaunce therof. In ẏ meane whyle, we shal possede our soules in our sufferaunce: for why.

Thou hast set vs to be a very

stryfe

Cryse vnto our neighboures, & our enemies haue laughed vs to scorne.

In the meane season (as thy childre) doest thou chastice vs: that we maye be clensed: that we lay not our hartes vnto ryches: that we folowe not worldlye prayse: and that thy trueth may ỹ more come to light. And for these causes sake hast thou set our neighboures to replye and speake agaynst vs. And who bee our neighboures, but these dissẽblers, whyche are neyther whote nor colde: whiche in their outwarde behauyoure, doe appeare as though they were Chrystians. Lord (they wyll saye) I thanke thee that I am not as the commen sort of men are: that is, vncleane, vnrighteous, rauishers, and lecherous, yea euen as this publican is: I fast twise a weke: I geue in almes the tenth parte of all that I haue. And yet for all thys, they

be not inwardly true Christians. They are therfore our neighbours, because they seme to be lyke vs in their works, but they are not of our householde, because they haue not lowlines, neyther haue they thacceptable loue and true charitie.

Why then, after what fashion hastc thou set these neutralles, to wyth saye and striue agaynst vs: but for because thou hastc lightened vs in the waye of truth, and hast shewed vnto vs thy cõtenaunce? By that light then haue we espyed and well perceaued, that they bee but paynted graues, but wythin they be ful of dead mennes bones, and all vncleanlynes. Wherfore, least simple folke and other Christians, shoulde perysh thorough their sayings and ensamples, we haue tolde them boldelye, and geuen them thys warning: beware of the pharasies leauen, which is ypocrisie, or a fayned pretence of holynes. Ceremonies, customes or vsages, shal not saue

you.

pon. We haue disclosed and playnly set out to euery mans syght, their scrupulous consciences: we haue reproued and rebuked them, saying: you be they that make your selues perfect and righteous before men: but god knoweth your hartes: for whatsoeuer is lofte before men, is abhominacion afore god. Here vpon ryseth furiouse and raging enuy: herevpon groweth great malice: here vpon springeth and encreaseth debate and cõtrouersye: for they sette more by mens glory, then by gods glory. Therfore go they running vp and down ỹ citie, they runne hether and thither: they haunte womens houses: thei grudge at vs: thei slaunder vs: they speake agaynste vs: and pursueth vs. And so it is come to passe, that our enemies hath mocked vs our enemies are manifest and open synners, the frendes and louers of thys world: proude, couetous, ryotous, full of cursing, mankillers and aduersaryes of Christes crosse. Thys (I say) not wil

ling

ting to here our wordes, yea rather thy wordes (o lord) but flying awaye from them, perswaded and brought into a wrong beleue by those hypocrites, hath scorned vs, and disdaynfully dispised vs as though we were very Idiottes or fooles. And what is the cause that oure neighboures hath contraryed and striued agaynst vs, and that oure enemyes hath deryded vs: wherefore dooe oure neighboures more then oure enemyes: why: Are not the pharises our enemies yes truely, they be our enemyes, & that our deadly enemies: yet are they wilye and crafty: yet are they secrete and very close: for they doe beare vs in hand, that they be our frendes: they saye that they loue vs wel: they falsely pretende that they speake for the truethes sake, and not for hatred of vs. So that these hypocrites hurte vs more then open enemies. They are called therefore neyghboures, because they make themselues oure frendes: and yet neuertheless are

muttering

muttering against vs. Wherfore, oure enemies doeth onely laugh at vs: yea, & oure enemies woulde not scorne vs, if these felowes were not busie in talking against vs: yea, our enemyes moughte be turned to repentaunce, if these medlers did not let them. To be briefe, oure enemies would become our frendes and defendoures of the trueth if thy churche had no such pharisaicall aduersaryes. Great is the battayle: daungerous is ỹ strife: and doubtefull is that victorye. wher fore.

Lord god of might, tourne vs vnto thee, shewe vs thy countenaunce, and we shalbe safe ynough.

God that geuest strength vnto the power aboue, to fight without dreade against the olde dragon, and boldely to atchiue

chiue al hard enterprises: god of mighte turne vs frō the fonde loue of ourselues vnto the perfecte loue of thee: whereby we may be knitte vnto thee and stycke vnto thee: for so shal we be afraied of no thing, but fight out thy battell with a full confydence: for thou art our strēgth and our staie, our succoure and oure defence. Therfore, shewe the light of thy countenaunce: set out thy trueth: make thy light euident and plaine: that these hipocrites doe not deceaue vs: that they wrappe not our hartes in darknes: that we may auoide and escape their snares, and may walke in the way of trueth. And so if thou deliuer vs, if thou lighten vs, and if thou fight for vs, we shal be safe. Goe to Lorde: do so lorde: arise, awake, come, and tarry no longer. O Lorde, where be thy manifolde mercies shewed in olde tyme? Remember thyne owne laboure: do not set lighte by thine owne paines: neither dispise not the workes of thyne owne handes.

Thou

Thou hast remoued thy vine yarde out of Egypte, thou hast caste oute the heathen, and hast grafted it.

The vineyarde is thy churche. Wher fore is it called a vineyarde? Because it yeldeth wine, which doeth make mens mindes in a maner dronken, with loue of heauenly thynges: whiche doeth re= freshe and make glad our heartes. A good vineyarde, a vineyarde of the beste that turneth into wine, whatsoeuer is layed about the rote therof. If a manne will putte vnto the rote thereof, water, donge, or any other thing, it chaungeth into wine all to gether, whatsoeuer it be that it draweth vnto it selfe. For it neuer bryngeth forth eyther water, or donge, or any thyng, but wine. So that: al which is offered vnto the church: that

is

is to say, vnto the faythfull soule of mā
bee it mockage, or persecucion, or golde,
eyther commendacyon or cursing: it tur
neth al to charitie, to pacience, to lowe=
lynes, and other vertues. ¶This vyne=
yarde (these faythful men) nothing cou
tyng, nothyng fearynge in thys worlde
hast thou remoued out of Egipte: (that
is to witte) oute of darkenesse: for they
wanted the true light throughe ignorāce
and were in the darkenes of synne: they
knewe not their ende: they couide not
tel whether to go. ¶Thy light hast thou
sent them, and out of darknes hast thou
brought them. But the heathen (ꝑ is)
wycked soules and froward mē, with=
out reason, without law and wythoute
learning did maliciouslye pursue them:
and did distroye thy vineyarde. ¶They
were euen lyke stones, very hard stry=
kers, hurtyng the fete of them ꝑ walked
therein, marring the braunches, and vt=
terly lettyng the fruite of ꝑ vineyarde.
¶Thou hast therfore cast out the heathē:

thou

thou haste killed the bloudsuckers and murderers of thy witnesses: thou haste broughte to confusion the enemies and foes: thou hast geuen to the deuill, heretickes, and thē that be obstinate in their owne fantasies: thou hast gathered the stones together, and cast them forth, and made them to be farre from thy vineyarde: and they are sonke down into the deapth. Thou haste grafted it in thyne holy mounte: in thy fayth: in the perfectnes of thy iustice: and in thy Christ. It hath passed through the read sea: it hath passed throughe fier and water: for diuerse troubles hath it not geuen ouer: & it is sake ynough.

Thou haste been the onely guide of the iourneye in her eye syght: thou hast planted the rotes of her: and she hath filled the earth.

A strōg, a wise, a gētle, and a great gide for why, God is a mighty lorde, and a mighty kīg aboue al kings. Who then would not folow such a guide: but after what māer hast þ ben her leader? Thou hast come down: þ hast appeared in flesh and in the fashiō of a mā: for her haste þ suffred persecuciōs, scurginges cursīgs scornīugs, & turmētri: yea & the death of the crosse. To thy father dydst þ passe forth by þ way of thy passion: and þ madest a proclamaciō: whoso wil come after me, must deny himselfe, & muste take his crosse & folow me, (a graūt capital) and a difficulte way. But who will be afraid (hauīg such a gide,) þ wil not tīger behinde a man, but goe before hym? Thou therfore (o lord) hast been, not a lurkyng capitain: but opē & manifest, all mē might behold thee. Gide of her iourney hast þ been, in her eye sight: for opē þ wert þ nailed vpō the crosse betwixte two theues. And because thy vineyard is but feable (for þ the vine tre it selfe, is

but

but a weake maner of wood) thou hast strēgthned it, & hast set the rotes therof. No fleshly mā, nor angel hath plāted it: but ỹ with thine hādes, & thy wysdōe. & thy power, & & thy; bountcousnesse, hast set ỹ rotes of her loue, of her charitie & of her good affeccīō. Thou hast plāted this vineyard (I say) in a good groūd, in ỹ groūde of liuing creatures: in thy woūdes, in thy crosse, & in thi godhead: and therfore hath it yelded fruit: it hath brought forth pleasaunt wine, wine of the beste: & suche wine as wil rauysshe a mans minde: & manifolde, braūches is it increased, so ỹ it hath filled ỹ whole earth. It hath fylled (I say) ỹ earth & vertues, & heauenly gyftes, & grace, lyght, and & the knowledge of god: not with ỹ philosophers cunninge: (which whē as they knew god, they dyd not e= steme him & glorifie him as god, nor yet render thankes vnto hī:) but they vanished away in their cōceites & thoughts their foolish harts were darkned & blinded

For they naming and cõmitting the=
selues to be wyse men, became very ydi
ots and foles. So is it not wt thy vine=
yarde (o Lorde.) And why? Mary,

**The shadowe of it hath cou=
red the hilles, and the vines ther
of hath ouerspreade the ceder
trees of god.**

Which is the shadow? The old testa
ment goyng afore the trueth of the gos=
pel: euen as our shadowe goeth before
our body, when the sonne commeth af=
ter. But when the sonne commeth be=
fore our face, then doeth not the shadow
go afore, but commeth after, and we see
it not. Semblably, the law (as it wer a
shadow) went before the trueth & grace
which is by Iesus Christ: because the
sonne of righteousnes did then folowe,
that he might afterwarde come and ap=

pere,

pete, and shew his face vnto vs. Wher fore he came and opened the trueth, and set it before our eyes. Wherfore now, the shadowe followeth and commeth after our backe. We therefore doe flee alwaye from it, and do go towarde the sonne. The shadowe of the law, and of sacrifices, is ouer passed, because the sonne of righteoulnes (Christ our god) is come. The shadow of it therefore, (that is to say) the law, and the darke teachyng of the prophetes, couered the mountaines. Who are the mountaynes? Men stedfast in faith: high in perfectnes of iustice and contemplacion of heauenly thyngs: certelle, the Patriarches & Prophetes: not the Philosophers and Oratours, which been the mountaynes of pryde. Thys vineyarde then proceded frō the vnsearchable and heauenly lyght of the Patriarches and Prophetes. And the shadow hereof, hath couered the hilles, that is to sayr: Bishops, Patriarches, and Prophetes, whiche hauing plenty of

of knowledge in the lawe: and being replenyshed with the spirite of prophecye dyd couer thy vyneyard, and maintaine it. Thou (Lorde) dydst come vnto the dyllers of this yarde, & they kylled thee, and did cast thee out of it. howbeit, thou then worthely destroying those noughtye occuppyers, haste let foorth thy vineyarde to bee hired of other husbandes, whych hath done the frutes therof (ỹ is to say) hath turned the shadowe of the lawe into lyghte. The carnall sēce haue they drawne, vnto a spirituall vnderstāding: ỹ when they be wery, thei mighte sit vnder ỹ shadowe therof, & bee cooled frō feruent heate: yea ỹ shadowe of it is become lyght, for ỹ the very lawe it selfe spiritualye taken and vnderstande, is made the gospel: vnder whose shadowe (whych is the lyght) the very soule resting thus, doeth syng & say: vnder hys shade haue I sit, whom I longed for. Hys fruycte is swete and pleasaunte to my throte. And agayne: The breath of

ours

our mouthes is Chryst: The lord was take in our trespas: vnto who we said: In thy couerte shal we ipue amōge the gentyles. Then dyd he multiple ẏ vyne braunches among the heathen: for the gentyles came to Chryst, to the tyller, to the vyne tree, and to the vyneyarde, ẏ braunches were multyplyed: they dyd growe forth a great nombet: and not wt out a cause, were made euen as vyneyardes: and the vynes therof were lyfted vp on hyghpea, they couered the ceder trees of god. Whych are the ceder trees of god: vndoubtedly. hys Apostles, his Euangelystes, and the teachers of hys congregacyon. Wherfore, the chose children out of the gentyles, came to them, they toke them by the heade, and sayed: wyth you wil we go: for we haue heard that god is with you. Then were ẏ ceder trees glad: they bowed down themselues, & said: clime vp, clime vp ouer vs take vs: for we wil beare: we wil holde you vp: yea, we wil lift you frō ẏ groūd

So the gentiles went vp by faith, and were builded vpon the foundacion of the Apostles and Prophetes, euen Christe Iesus himselfe, beeing the head corner stone. These vines therfore hath euer spread the ceder trees of god. O happye vineyarde, o blessed braunches, whyche haue not followed the wisedom of foolish philosophers: but that heauēly sapience of the mountaynes & ceder trees (ỳ is) of the Prophetes and Apostles, ỳ light vnspeakeable, the way of truth, ỳ leadeth you truely vnto your ryght countrey. But how large is this vineyarde? Is it the laude of Iury alone? Is god onely the god of the Iewes? doubtlesse from the sonne rysing, vnto the sōne setting, great is thy name among thy people o lord.

She hath stretched oute her braunches euen to the sea, & her boowes are long spreading, reacheth

cheth vnto the riuer.

The ceder trees of Libanus reioised, thei cried and lifted vp their voice: their sounde went forth into al the world, & their wordes vnto the vttermoste borders of the whole earth. & he sea heards that, and swelled, & the earth was troubled. The floudes of the sea arose: marueious are the surges of the sea: marueious is the Lord in high places: Troubled were the mountaynes: the moude prices, priestes, scribes, and pharaises. The kynges of the earth stode by, and the rulers came together againste the lord and against his Christ: But God thundred from heauen, and the highest gaue forth hys voyce. The voyce of the Lord is mightie in operation, the voyce of the lord is a glorious voyce. Stones did listen: and forthwith trembled, thee trees of the woods, the hard harted and vnfruteful heathen did lysten, and forth

with

wyth were they tourned into braun-
ches of the vine tree. The sea behelde
and ranne awaye: and Iordan the ry-
uer tourned backe agayn: but the gen-
tyles euery where came vnto the vine:
thei fastened them selues to it by fayth
and loue: they encreased greatlye euen
vnto the ende of the worlde, to the
mountaynes and the sea: Wheras ty-
raunes and frowarde people were
stryken, caste downe into hell, and ouer
whelmed wyth the sea. Contrarye
wyse, oure vineyarde hath spreade
forth her braunches euen vnto the sea,
that is: vnto the vtter most parts of the
londe.

The sea therefore compasseth this
vineyarde, and beateth vpon it, but the
waues bee broken agaynste it. But
what came of the countreye of the Je-
wes: It was hardened: it was dryed
vp: it yelded no fruicte. Thou hast cutte
of therefore suche braunches (o heauen-

lye

hy workeman)and haste throwne them into the fyer. Why? Are al the braunches destroyed and loste? God forbidde: For yet the leauynges bee saued. Many braunches of Iewes(accordyng to thy wyll and appoyntemente)hath continued in the vyne tree,and hath yelded perfecte fruite.

The vineyarde dyd growe, and stretched foorth her vines,euen vnto the ryuer. What meaneth thys(Lorde)vnto the ryuer? Why: is there in all the worlde,but one floudde? Is the worlde shutte vp or closed by some sea, or any ryuer? No verely: but lyke as when the Prophete is named (Dauid) is mente thereby for hys excellencye: and Paule also when the Apostle is named:so in thys place,wheras is mencioned a ryuer generallye: vnderstonde thou it of Iordane,whyche was hallowed and sanctifyed of my sonne: for it alone, hath that preeminence.

What

What meaneth then, vnto the ryuer: but vnto the riuer Iordane: That is, vnto the people of the Ebrues dyd she spread forth her braunches. Thynke not thē the people of the Hebrues, to be altogether expelled: For ꝓ stone which they in their building refused, is made ꝓ head corner stone. Therfore great was the churche then (o lord) great (I saye) in worthynes: great in trueth: greate in perfeccion of vertues: great in charitie: greate in the number of wonderfull workes: large also in spreadyng forth: o great was thy churche: for because a great lord art thou that didst graft it, ꝓ didst geue it encrease: because ꝓ didst enlarge it: because thou (Lord Iesu) wert the guide of her iourney. Thou dyddest labour in it, & dydst trauel, in it. Thou dydst watche, Thou dydst cōsecrate her with thine owen bloud, and & the bloud of thy martyrs or witnesses. Wher thē are thy paines become: where is thy sweat: where is thy bloud: what haste

thou

thou done Lorde God: what hast thou done, (o my sauioure:)

Wherfore hast thou throwne down the wall of the vineyard: and wherefore doo euery man that passeth by the way gather the grapes?

Why hast thou done this good lord: what is the effecte: The custodye of angels, hast thou put from it: for they dyd kepe away theues: and they did defende it. Where is ỹ sure ward now adayes: where are the Prophetes: where are ỹ Apostles, the teachers, the heardemen, compassing thys vineparde, driuing out wicked spirites, banishing heretyckes, correcting vngracious persons, and preseruing ỹ weake and vnperfect: which

of the wall: The custodyes of angels, y defence of shepeheardes, and the holy doc tryne of preachers: where is this wal? It is destroyed: why? who hath pulled it down: Thou lord, which hast taken away thy good preachers, whych hast gathered thy shepeheardes into heauen, and whych hast taken away thy messen gers. Wherefore haste thou throwne downe the wal of thys vineyarde: Hast thou so done, for that she may fulfill her naughtynesse: for that her wyckednesse maye bee accomplyshed, to the intent to punyshe her, and so to renewe her: But what hath she lefte vndone: what sinne is there that may not be founde in her: verely Lorde, loke howe that her wyc= kednesse is nowe broughte to the full whynge: so nowe doeth eche bodye that goeth by the way, plucke of her grapes. Not the true orderers of the vineyard, not the true tillers gathereth her fruts. not all good, nor yet a fewe good, nether

yet somegood and some euyll:no,not so muche as one good,but euery one that commeth by that waye, plucketh her grapes. None but they, whyche kepeth not thyne ordynaunces:yea,which knoweth not the waye of God, euen open synners, and of an euill reporte, whyche are chosen vnto the ministerye of the aulter:to those are benefyces geuen:they doe gather the fruites of the vineyarde for themselues, and not for thee:they dooe not regarde thy poore people:they dooe not feade the hungry, they cloth not the naked: they harboure not the straunger: they defende not the wyddowe and the fatherlesse chylde: they dooe eate the lambe oute of the flocke, and the calfe from the middest of the heard :they dooe synge after the noyse of shalmes and organs:they supposed they hadde the instrumentes of songe, euen lyke vnto Dauyd, chauntynge in quiers, prayesing

thing god with their lippes, and beeynge farre from god in their hart, drynkynge wyne in cuppes of golde and syluer, and dressed wyth very swete & fauery ointmentes: and yet haue no compassyon vpon the rough punishment of Joseph: neyther take they any maner of pytye vpon the needy and poore bodye. ¶ Hese therfore that passeth by thy way, gathereth vp the grapes of thy vyneparde.

But what shal I say (o Lorde:) For al they also, which passeth by theyr owne way, and seeyng the wall of ỹ vineyard destroyed, hath ouer passed and gone their way: They made not a strayghte iourney, but leauing their owne waye, turned their feete into thy vyneyarde, that they might plucke her grapes, and take away her fruites. What is it that thou telleſt me? Thys I say (o Lorde) the riche cobbes of thys world, walkig by the way of their synnes, seekyng by right and wrong, for their riches, dignities, promocions and pleasures of thys

world,

worlde, hath gone a side out of their waye They ceased to followe their worldlye goodes, for such substaunce and honoure dyd they labour no more: they turned themselues to thy vineyarde, to ecclesiasticall aduauncement: to the ryches of the churche: that wall which dyd parte backe the vnworthy, is broken downe and destroied: yea, and they haue entred in, that passeth by their owen waye, and haue taken awaye the fruites. What sayest thou? Thys I meane: to day in the commen route of mē, and to morowe in the rome of a bishop: To day in a toll bothe, and to morowe a chanon in ỳ quier To day a souldioure, and to morowe a priest. They passed by their owne way and went asyde to thy vineiarde, not to thintent to tyl it forth, but to gather the grapes therof for themselues. This also I speake wyth teares: there hath entered in euill spirites, and fyue naughtye men: (that is to say) the head, & the members: And plucking ỳ goostly frutes

de this vineyarde, hast cast them foorth, troden them vnder fote, hidē them, and destroied them. The tilers and worke men haue they stryken wyth the sword and throwne them out of the vineyarde and the best braunches haue they cutte of. Finally, with mischeuous perswasions, threatninges, persecucions, and euill ensamples, they goe about to bring to naught, whatsoeuer goodnes is foūd in the vineyarde. Wherfore then, haste thou (Lorde) destroyed the wall of it? what profit, or what fruicte therof ensueth? For because of that, doeth euerye man that passeth by the waye, pull the grapes of it. But would to God, onely men or wicked spirites (goinge by the waye) did gather the grapes of it, & not also very beastes did enter into it. But lo, a naughtie beast hath gone into it, & hath destroyed it, euen from the rote.

A Beare oute of the woods

hath

hath broken the bandes of it: & a singuler wyld beast hath deuoured it.

This bore is a swine, a filthy swine, a proude swine, and a cruel swine, not tamed at home, but wild out of ye wood: an exceading wantō clarke, a lecherous priest: which is no man, but a beast, but an vncleanly swine: he approcheth to ye high alter: he hath lyen al ye whole night in his beastlines, in dirt and in donge: & in the morning, he presumeth to touche thy sacra nentes. This proude swyne cannot be tamed, wil not be corrected & letteth scorne to heare ye words of truth he speaketh arrogātly, he ariseth against such as rebuketh hym: he byteth, he teareth fearcely, he spareth no wordes: he curseth, he blasphemeth in ye despight of god. he is an hog: he is cruel, he is a best not a man: he persecuteth men: he is no domestical mēber, nor of the houscholde: no, not so muche as newelye grafted

sin:he cõmeth not out of the lordes house, but from the wod, from the company of beastes, from the multitude of wilde beastes, and frõ the wildernes of sines. He knoweth not god: he is ignorant in the sacramentes: he vnderstandeth not his owne office: he onely loueth dirte: he embraceth dounge: and hath his delight in bloud. Why then, what hath thys dooze done, o lord god: He hath roted vp thy vineyarde, he hath put it out of thy bondes, out of thy preceptes and commaundementes, out of thy instruccions and teachings of the primatiue fathers, out of thy lawes hath he sette it: he hath replenished it with dirte and donge, & excessiue pleasures and vncleanlynesse, & with gluttony and dronkennes. The tillers hath he slaine: the ponge childzen hath he killed, the womẽ hath he deflowred, the braunches hath he drawen to ye grounde, the vines hath he plucked vp by the rote, and hath torne altogether with his teeth: with his pride hath he

troden

troden the trees vnder his feete: & he casteth them forth of the vineyarde.

This bore comming out of the woode, hath broken the bondes of it, and a syngular wilde beast hath deuoured it. Lo, what pride is here: He will needes bee singuler, he will haue no superioure, he will haue no peace, he loketh not to haue felowes, but seruauntes and subiectes. He coueteth to possesse all singulerly: he seketh euermore to ascende, he is delighted with a singularitie, he regardeth not Christes charitie, he will not be a minister nor shepeheard: neither father nor mother: nor partaker of tribulacion, nor euery mans seruaunt, to thintent for to winne euery man: but a lord, but a wolf but a cruel and sturdie ruler, to destroie the vineyarde, to plucke vp the rootes, vtterly to waste it, wholly to eate it, and bring it to nought. Is not also thys wilde bore and singuler beaste, an cuyll prince, a proude tiraunte: altogether vncleane, & altogether cruell: which com-

meth out of ẏ wild wood of beastes, fro ministers like himself: filthy, ryotous, arrogant & cruel, ẏ are very beastes and no mē: which hateth ẏ worshippyng of god. banisheth holy mē oute of ẏ Citye, persecuteth the good, punisheth ẏ wise, detesteth & cannot abide the trueth, reioyseth in lyes, is delyghted wͭ flatterig tales, driueth away cōcorde, nourisheth debate, breaketh matrymony, putteth vertues to exile, commendeth vices, chaseth away chastite, and enhaunseth vngracious persons: and finally causeth al naughtines to be at the ful swinge. He hath burst the bandes of the vineyarde, for ẏ he hath stande by euery waye that is not good, and hath behated the cōtrarye trade to vertue & honesty. Is not thys bore, and this synguler wilde beast peraduenture also ẏ deuil, a foule spirite a cruel mākiller, & pufted vp wͭ pryde, ẏ sayd: Into heauē wil I clime, & aboue the starres of ẏ firmament, will I exalt my seate: I wilbe like vnto the highest

he

he also hath fed vpon the vineyard, hath eaten the braunches, hath swalowed ꝑ vynes, and hath incorporate it wyth hymselfe: he is become the head of mysechyefe, and they hys members: and Chrystes vineyarde, is become the deuils vineyarde: for that a singuler wild beast hath deuoured it. Alas, alas, alas Lorde God, where is the vineyarde whiche thou diddest translate oute of Egypte: oute of whyche thou dyddest caste the heathen, whyche thou dyddest sette wyth thyne owne handes: whose iourneye thou dyddest guyde, whych replenished ꝑ earth wyth vertues, whose shadowe couered the mountaynes, and the vines, and the ceder trees of God, which did stretch out her braūches eue vnto the sea, and her spreading boughes vnto the riuer: where be her vertues: where are ꝑ giftes of ꝑ holy goste: where are ꝑ graces freely bestowed: where is her loue: where is her hope: where is

her father: Art not thou god, & whom there is no chaunge: Arte not thou he, that is to say, god, which dydst worke mercy with our fathers: Are not we the workemanshippe of thyne handes: doeth not Christ cõtinue for euermore: Hast not thou also suffered for vs: Hast thou forgotten vs, o lord: Thou (lord) art our father, and our redemer: thy nãe hath beene from the beginning. Wherfore then hast ¶ turned thy face frõ vs: we haue sinned: we haue done amysse, we haue committed noughtynesse. O Lord, deale not with vs after our synnes, neyther rewarde vs accordinge to our iniquites. Remember not (Lorde) our olde faultes: let thy mercy anon prevente vs: for we are very nedy & poore. Also, nor yet oure fathers were founde righteous: but synners, worshippers of idoles, murderers, cursers, couetous, proude and hye mynded: not obedyente to their parentes, folyshe, and blaspheminge thy name: and yet hast thou delte

wyth

with them accordyng to thy great mercy. For they possessed not the earth in their swoorde, neither did their owne power sane them: but thy right hande and thy power, and the lightning of thy countenaunce: because thou wert pleased in them. Go to therfore (o lorde) and deale with vs after thy great mercy: & turne not away thy face from vs.

God almight be thou turned loke backe from heauen, and beholde and visite this vineyarde.

God of powers, that art a pure act, a power infinite, the power of powers, gouernynge all thinges: quickenynge all thynges: creatyng the powers of all thinges: geuing them strength: drawing the to their worke and goyng before them: Turne vs (o lord) vnto thee, & we shall be turned. Go þ before vs, draw vs after thee, geue strength to our vertues, &

make

make vs lyuely. Why dooest þ not loke vpon vs: why hast þ tourned thy backe from vs? Shew vs thy countenaunce, be turned (god of powers) vnto vs. & then shal we be turned vnto thee. For to be conuerted vnto thee, to thinke vpō thee, & to loue thee, it is thy gyft. Loke backe from heauen, for thou arte gone farre from hence: thou hast ascended ouer vp into heauen: thou art departed from vs: yet loke down vpō vs from heauē, although thou wylt not come down vpon earth: although oure synnes doeth otherwise deserue, regarde vs, sende vs thy lyght from aboue, from the deserte of compassions, and from thy Chyrche. See how we are made desolate & comfortlesse: beholde and take pitie vpō our shame and repproch: our heritage is trāslated vnto straungers: and oure houses vnto forreners. Where is Jerusalem? where is the holy lande, wherein thou didst worke so many miracles? where

as thy graue? Are they not in the hādes of infidelles? Behold (Lorde) with the eyes of thy mercy, the whole worlde, and the fulnesse thereof: not the fulnesse of graces, but the plentie of sinnes, plenty of ignorannce, and plentye of greate wretchednesse, Beholde thy vyneyard, beholde thy Church, the comun̄ welth and thy Christian people. Beholde thē, and haue pitie vpon them, And visyte this vineyarde: for yet hath it rootes, & yet there lieth some braunches: It beganne from the beginning of the worlde, and neuer failed, nor neuer shall fayle. For ỹ hast promised: Lo, wyth you am I alwaies euen vnto the worldes end. Then well maye it be dimynished, but vtterly fayle it cannot.

Now, this vineyarde is the selfe same, that thou didst plante: there is one spyryte, one fayth, one baptysme, one god & lord of all, which is altogether in al thinges. Wilt therfore this vineyard

for

for thy vilitacion shal kepe her: o vilite her & thy grace, & thy presence, and & thy holy spirite: vilite vs also wyth thy wande, and & thy staffe: for thy wande and thy staffe shal comfort it. Vilite it wyth a scourge, & she maye be chastised and purged: for the tyme and season of pluckyng awaye, diuers & superfluous thynges wyll come. Throwe forth thy stones: make faggottes of the wythered braunches and dry stickes, to bee turned. Rayse her vp: out of the refuse: set vnder stayes and proppes: make the grounde rancke and plentifull, build the wal and vilite thys vineyarde, like as thou hast already vilited the earth and inhabitest it, vilite her I say:

And make her perfect: whom thy ryght hath planted: and vpon the sonne of man, whom thou

thou hast made so strange for thyne owne selfe.

Doe not onely visite her, but also make her perfect: for she is very vnperfecte. She would liue wel, but she would not suffer euil: she hath ensamples set before her eies: she hath the prophetes, the apostels, the martirs, and all the sanctes of god: yea, she hath the very onely begotten sonne. Them would she folowe: well would she doe for to gette their grace, but aduersities would she not abyde. She is very vnperfect. Make her perfect (o lord:) sende forth thy spirite, and then shal she be made perfect. Peter, before the comming of the holy gost sayd: yea, if I must nedes be put to death with thee, I will not deme thee. Neuerthelees, forasmuch as he was vnperfect, at the voice of one poore maiden, he denied thee Christ. But the holy gost cãe and fulfilled hym with grace: and then

he

he feared not kinges of the earth, for that thou madest him perfecte. Then did he bryng forth fruicte, then did he turne an exceading sorte of people to the faith. Then did he builde churches and temples for the holye ghoste to dwell in. Wherefore, make her perfecte: & then wyll she bryng forth fruicte: and wyll stretche oute her braunches thorough the worlde: for yet she is afrayed: yet dare she not speake: yet she feareth princes and rulers. Make her perfect whō thy ryghte hande hath planted.

For there are some Chrystyans, as certayne Pryestes by name, and not so in verye dede: vnto whom thou haste geuen the richesse of thys worlde, and multiplied their temporall goods: but of thy spiritualgoodes haue they none. These therefore are the vyneyarde, whyche thy lefte hande hath planted. I desier thee (Lorde) not to increase thys vineyarde, or to make it perfecte: but that whyche thy ryghte hand hath

planted

planted', whyche beareth braunches (that is to saye) the faythfull: to whō thou hast geuē thy grace, and thy gostly gyftes, whyche are thyne elected. Among whom, euery one sayeth: his lefte hande vnder my head, and hys ryghte hande shall embrace me. Make therefore thys vynepearde perfecte: make her perfecte (I saye) vppon the sonne of manne, whom thou haste confirmed for thy selfe. Who is thys sonne of mā? For we are the sonnes of men: beecause we haue a father and a mother here in the worlde.

But Chryste is the sonne of manne: for that he is the sonne of a mayden, which in heauen hath a father without a mother: and in earth a mother wythoute father. Thys sonne of man therefore haste thou made steadfast in the hartes of menne: and haste also confirmed hym for thy selfe: (that is) to thyne honoure and glorye. The landes of Iurye fought against hym, and

thou

thou madeſt hym ſure vnto thee: tirãnus hath fought agaynſt him, and ỹ madeſte hym ſure vnto thee: heretikes hath fought agaynſt hym and thou madeſt hẽ ſure vnto thee: philoſophers Logiciẽs, and the wiſemen of this worlde, hath fought agaynſt hym, and thou madeſte hym ſure vnto thee: falſe bycthen hath fought agaynſt hym, and thou madeſte hym ſure vnto thee: the deuill and the whole worlde, fought agaynſte hym, and preuayled not: but thou haſte made the ſonne of man faſte and ſure in mens hartes, to thy honor and glory. Therefore make perfecte this vineyarde vpon hym: ſo that ſhe by fayth and loue planted and roted vpon Chriſt, maye come to perfectiõ: and out of that rude earth, and out of that entire zeale of Chriſtes charitie, and out of the meritte of hys paſſyon, may bryng forth very good and perfecte wyne, rauiſhing mens hartes: albeit for that ſhe is vnperfecte: for that ſhe is fallen: and for that the worlde is a

gaunſt

gainst her, this semeth vnpossible in the eyes of men: yet (Lord) nothing is vnpossible, nor nothing harde vnto thee. Thou openest thine hande, and fillest euery lyuely creature with blessinge: all thinges loketh that thou shouldest geue them fode in due season: when thou geuest vnto them, they wyll gather: and when thou openest thy hand, al thinges shalbe filled with goodnes. But whē thou turnest away thy countenaunce, they shalbe troubled: thou shalt take awaye their spirite, and they shal faynte, and be returned into their dust againe. Howe muche more then, when thou rebukest, shal al stoppes be taken awaye, and al destroyers bee destroied?

They kindled with fier, and digged vp at the rebuke of thy cōtenaunce, shal perish.

For the kindeled and halfe burned stickes and vines digged vp, and vn-

fruteful tre disparsed through the vines yarde, and the younge braunches confounded, doeth marre the liuing vines, and letteth them to bryng forth fruite. Them therfore kindeled and digged vp rebuke with thy countenaunce, with that countenaunce whereof is spoken: but the lordes countenaunce is ouer all euill doers: and forth with the vnfrutefull trees shall perishe: they (I meane) which nether entreth them self into the kingdome of heauen, nor yet suffreth other to enter in. So that these kindeled trees, are vncleane sinners fiered with the heate of carnal luste, and tourned into coales: walking in darkenesse, and knowing not whether they go: for the fier hath set vppon them. And they haue not seen the sonne. This woode kindeled with fier, are couetous men, gready in the desier of money, inflamed with the inordinate desier of auarice: which neuer saieth: inough ynoughe or whose who. These trees kyndeled with

fier

fyer are men that are proude, desirous of honor, and enuious men, whych burneth like as fier brandes, and are incended with coueting of al thinges. This fier hath wasted al vertues, it hath raised vp al wanton lustes, and that is the cause of al mischeues vngraciousnes. For pride is the foūdacion of al naughtines, and vehemente desier of wilfull appetite, and is the rote of al vnhappines: that, for the turnynge awaye from god: this for the turning vnto creatures Now, who are the trees digged vp, but hypocrites, neyther whote, nor colder whiche outwardlye certes, seemeth not to bee burned with the fier of lust of pride, or of coueiousnes: yet inwardelye are they drye, beecause they are digged vp: they haue no rootes in the earth of the lyking trees, in ẏ charitie of Christ, or in the grace of god. Wherefore euen as a tree (if it hath rootes in the earth) it bryngeth forth frutes at the heate of the sonne, that if it haue no rootes in the

earth, but in the aire, it withereth away at the heate of the sonne: Semblably, a man, if he haue the rootes of fayth and loue in Christ, comming to the alter, to the sacramentes of the Church and godly duties, to here gods worde, to the reading of the scriptures, and to prayer, bringeth foorth merueilous and wonderfull frute and profite. But if hys onely studye, be for thinges appertayning to his owne selfe, and is roted in hys owne lene (in the ayre,) in the spirite of arrogãcie: alwayes, about whatsoeuer he goeth, he withereth more and more, and is made worse and worse, hypocrytes therfore, are trees dygged vp, they are dry trees and very fier wood. But certes, the very trees that ar digged vp, are also kyndeled: and the trees kyndeled, are also as the trees diggedvp. For manifest and open synners are digged, plucked away, and roted out from the grace of god: and those hipocrits are kyndled with the fier of the loue of thē-

selfe,

felse of pryde, of ambicion, of couetous, of priuy or secret lust or pleasure. Thus at these (Lord God) disparsed throughe the vineyarde, and heaped together, will not suffer it to bryng forth fruictes: because the yongelynges and simple follie are seduced and ouerthrowne, & theyr euil ensamples and exhortacyons. Rebuke them therfore, rebuke them roughly, for that they are stiffe necked: rebuke them with the sworde, pestilence, and hunger. Thorough the reprofe of thy countenaunce shall they peryshe, & shalbe cast out of the vineyarde: the braunches shalbe lifted vp: other vines shalbe put therto: they shal growe frutefully: they shal extende their of sprynge, euen vnto the sea, and shal reache vnto the riuer. Why fleapest thou O Lord? Arise Lorde, and

Let thy power be shewed vpon the man of thy ryght hand,

and vpon the sonne of man, whō thou hast made sure for thine owne selfe.

Come lorde, doo not thou tarrye, O god, geue thy iudgemente to the kynge, and thy iustice to the kinges sonne: for he is the man of thy right hande, which sitteth at thy right hande: but which is thy right hand? For thou art inuisible, and without any body. Where is then thy right, or thy left hande? thy glory is thy right hande: Namely therefore of Christ was it spoken, that he sitteth at thy right hande, because he reioiseth in better felicitie, aboue all dominion, power, and strength, & aboue euery name that is recited, not onely in this worlde, but also in ỹ worlde to come. And what is thy hande, but thy power? If ỹ thou hast a righte hande, why hast ỹ not likewise a left hande? for power hast thou to punishe, and to glorifie. For the Lorde doeth quicken and mortifie: he doeth cō-

uerte

wrye to hell, and retarry: he doeth bring loue, and exalteth agayne power therefore to punishe, is thy left hand: and power to glorifie is thy right hande. Let thyne hande therfore, let thy power cõe vpon the man of thy right hande. Who so hath not: he had power geuen hym from the beginning: for euen he sayed to his disciples: all power in heauẽ and in earth is geuen vnto me. How canste thou then saye: lette thy hande come vpon the manne of thy ryghte hande: Geuen him it is, but it appeareth not: bringe to passe therefore, that it maye appeare, beastely and carnall men, doeth perceyue & see, how that thy seruaũtes are mocked, despised, sclaundered, and are euer more in trouble and aduersitie: and then doot they saye: Fayth is not true, puruciaunce of God is there none, deceyued are the Christians: and so doe they blaspheme thy name.

To dee dyeke, they see proude

men, vnrighteous, couetous, blasphe-
mers, lecherous, and vngracious men
to go forwardes, & to haue none aduerse
chaunce: so that they say: eyther there is
no God, or els he doeth not regard mor-
tal mens matters, els that he is vniust
and vnequal. Thou then hast power, &
doest cõtinually exercise thy iudgemẽt:
but they doe not appeare alwayes: and
for that cause, doeth men speake in thy
dispight and reproche. Lette thy hande
therfore be made to appeare vppon the
man of thy right hande: Graunte hym
iudgement, that may appeare: byd hym
exercise thy power that he hath in the
sight of men: for thou hast ordeined him
iudge of the quicke and the dead. Lette
thy hande therfore come vpon hym.
Whych hande: the ryght hande or the
left hande: Let thy lefte hande and also
thy rtght hande come vpon hym: The
left hande vpon the euil, & the ryght hãd
vpon the good. Let thy iudgement ap-
peare, and let thy mercye appeare, that

men

men may leaue of cursyng and blaspheamyng. Doubtles, thy left hand is weaker than the ryght, because thou doest execute iudgement swyth mercy, & arte loth for to punishe. But thy right hande is strong, for that thou art a large and a liberal geuer. Thou openest thyne hãde (euen thy right hande) and fillest euery liuing creature swith blessing. Lette it come therefore vpon the man of thy right hande: let thy left hande be to punyshe ỹ swycked, that they may be scourged, and so conuerted. And if they will not be turned vnto thee, that they maye then bee cleane put out of thy vineyarde, may be punished in the fier of hel for euer. For why doe they occupy the earth in vaine. But let thy ryght hande, be vppon the man of thy ryght hande: to comfort thy faythfull: that in a plenteous blessynge, they may be filled swyth the grace of the holy goost: that the wall of the vyneyard may be builded vp, to holde oute them that passeth by ỹ way, and not to suffer

the

the bore of the wood, and a siguler wild beast to enter in to thintente, that the vyne braunches may growe and bring forth fruicte. Yea, is it not (troweste ye profitable that both thyne handes also, bee vpon the man of thy ryghte hande for thy faythfull? Yes vndoubtedly: for thy lefte hande, thyne hande holdynge the scourge, thyne hande that is wonte to strike, wyll cause them to tarrye at the ryghte hande. For the rodde in the scooles kepeth the chylde in awe, the wande maketh hym to learne: for as yet are we younge chyldren: because as lōg as we are in thys mortall lyfe, we are infantes: we had nede of the rodde, we are feadde wyth mylke. But whē that shall come which is perfecte, the proper tyes of a youngelynge shall we laye a-parte for altogether: and then shall the scourge leaue of. The scourge there-fore is good and holsom: let thy scourge therefore come: lette it come soone: lette

thy

thy power quickely come, vppon the sonne of thy ryghte hande: that ẏ good maye bee pourged: that the iust may be made perfecte: that the euyll maye bee expelled: and that the destroyers of the vineyarde maye perysshe. And vppon the sonne of manne, lette the vine braunches bee grafted, whom thou hast made so sure to thy selfe: whom thou hast confirmed in thy congregacion to thine honoure: for yet is he not wholy gone frō the Churche: yet haste thou manye seruauntes, although they be priuy and secrete: in whose hartes thou hast confyrmed thy Chryste to thy glory: and lettest them (when as the destroyers of the vineyarde are dryuen oute) goe foorth to their woorke, euen vntyll nyghte.

Come therefore (O Lorde) and couple vs to thy tillers: whom thou haste prepared vnto thy worke, for we at thy seruauntes.

And

And we doe not departe from thee: thou shalt quicken vs, and vpon thy name, wyll we call.

We cannot be without thee: for in thy haue we our liuing, our mouing and our being. And therfore doe not we departe from thee, seeing that thou hast y wordes of euerlastyng lyfe. To whom shall we goe? There is no god beside the Lorde: for who hath wrought such wonderfull meruayles as thou hast done? All thinges that pleaseth thee, hast thou made in heauen and in earth, in the sea, and in al places, be they neuer so depe or bottomles. Although the worlde crye oute, meuue grudge, and the wycked persecute vs: although the elementes euery one make insurrection: yea, although hell woulde breake lose and be rayled agaynste vs: yet depart we not from thee, no creature can sequester vs from the loue of god, which is in Chryst Iesu our lorde.

We

We doe not truste in our owne strength, we goe not forth in our owne vertues: but thou shalt make vs lyuely: plentuously shalt thou graunt vs thy grace: thou shalt geue vs vertues: and in our troubles shalt thou sende vs a speciall ayde: wherby we shalbe prouoked to the feruentnes of charitie, And vpō thy name will we cal. Thy name is thy goodnes: for none is good, but god alone. Thou alone therfore art good: and to the alone thys name doeth well accorde: so then, thy name (that is to saye) the matter of thy name: the thyng signified by thy name: thy goodnes (I meane) and thy mercy: shall we call vppon, that it maye helpe vs and succoure vs: or els surelie to cal vpon thy name, is to fraine and fashyon in our myndes, a conceipte or apprehencion of thy goodnesse: for it is a name onely conteined in mynde: so that the conceauing of thy goodnes, is thy name. Not euery conceipt or thoughte is thy name: wherby called vpō falleth a

man, as it is wrytten: whosoeuer cal=
leth vpon the name of the Lorde, shalbe
safe. But the conceiuing of thi goodnes
(which through fayth brasteth forth in
to loue, and that by the gifte of grace,
farre beyond the course of nature): this
I saye, is thy name. What is it then to
call vpon thy name, but inwardelye by
fayth to conceiue thy goodnes, & to loue
it aboue all thynges? for a name is a
voice, betokening some thyng. What is
it then to call vpon any mans name, but
to pronounce a voyce, that betokeneth
hym? So that, to call vpon the name of
God wyth oure lyppes and tonge, is to
bryng forth a voyce, that signifieth hun
likewise, where there is also a name, on
ly comprised in mynde and vnderstan=
ding, to call vpon thy name with oure
heart and minde, is to frame a thoughte
or conceipte, representynge and layinge
thee beefore oure eyes. Yet not euerye
maner thynkyng of thee is ynough: but
that apprehēdyng of the, saueth: which

is

is formed by the vertue of fayth that worketh by loue. Wherefore, we wyll call vpon thy name wyth our heart: we wyll call wyth our lyppes and tonge: ẏ from thy bounteousnesse called vppon thee, ayde maye descende vnto vs, well disposed and prepared: whyche haue (thorough thy grace) inwardlye receyued thy name. Geue vs therfore strēgth and vertue: whereby all earthlye desyer vtterly layed away, we may bee turned vnto thee, euen wyth al our very hart, that in any of our troubles we faile not through feblenes.

God of myght conuerte vs, & shewe thy face, and we shall bee safe.

Certes, thou arte God of mighte, whyche haste chosen the vyle and weake thynges of the worlde, and therewyth haste confounded all stought

and

and strong thynges. For what is weaker then the crosse? What is more folysh or what is more cursed? Lo, thoroughe thyne infinite power and mighte, thys greatest infirmitie, is made for vs the greateste strength and defence. Thys most vnskilfull folishnes is made for men most profounde wysedome. Thys hygh and extreame cursyng, is made for vs an heauenly blessyng, and most perfect iustice, O the wonderfull deepenes for the riches of god, of his might, of his wisedome, and of his bounteousnesse. For that which is the weake thynge of god, is stronger then men: and ẏ whiche is the folysh thyng of god, is wiser then men. Make vs (O Lord) to vnderstād this thine infinite power, thīe vnsearchable wisedome, thine inestimable goodnes: that we may knowe there is none other god besydes thee O lord: and that we may be turned vnto thee. Conuert vs god of mighte, and shewe vs thy countinaunce: Shewe vs thy Chryste

and

and then crucified: by whom we haue knowne thy power, thy wysedome and thy bountifulnes. What God hath at any tyme done such thinges, as hath thy sonne our Lord Iesus Christ crucified for vs? We conquered y whole world without sword: he hath throwne downe all the other gods: tyrauntes hath he destroyed: euery where in heauen and in earth hath he tryumphed, for vanquishyng hys enemyes: he hath lyghtened the worlde by his crosse: he hath taught how to lyue well: hath geuen & prescribed the doctryne or way to lyue vertuously: so that no better can be ymagined. He hath drawne vnto hys loue all kyndes of men, forsyche renouncyng and leauing, golde, syluer, and all the vanities of thys world, yea and themselues also: hath lykewyse gladly for hys sake, and cheerefully suffered diuerse kindes of tormentes most spytefully deuised, euen tyll they were martyred and truelly vanced death. Who euer heard of such thynges?

Or who hath sene ẏ like (in very dede) Lord Iesuu: thou art a great god, the sonne of the most high god, the kinge of glory, and the god of myght, and ther is no god but thou (o lord): whiche w the father and the holy gost, art one god, & blessed aboue all thynges. Shewe vs therefore thy face: In thy syghte was the earth moued, euen in the sight of the god of Iacob: which turned a stone into a stonding poole, and a rocke into springes of waters. Lord, shew thy face, & we shalbe safe. For oure fathers also were made safe, because thou didst shew them thy countenaunce. Wherfore they praise thee, and say: Not vnto vs lorde, not vnto vs, but vnto thy name geue ẏ glorye, for thy mercye and thy truethes sake. Shew thy countenaunce therfore (o lord) that the reiected or wicked may perish: forasmuch, as death shal goe before thy face. Shewe thy countenaũce, that thine elected or chosen, maye serue thee in loue, and thẽ shal we be safe and

whole:

whole: then shall the world be renewed and adourned with vertues, and with thy grace: Then shal the good be glad and reioyce exceadyngly: then shall thy people dwell in peace, and continually (daye and night) geue prayse vnto thee: whiche with thy sonne, and the holy gost, liuest and reignest blessed god, for euer & euer, world without end. Amen.

Diuerse Godly and necessarye prayers to be sayed, most specially at the houre of death.

O Lorde Jesu, whiche art the onely healthe of al men lyuing: And the euerlastyng lyfe of them which die in thy fayth: I wretched synner geue and submitte my selfe wholy vnto thy most blessed wil. And I being sure that the thig cannot perysshe which is committed vnto thy mercy, wyllingly nowe I leaue thys fraple and wycked flesshe, in hope of the resurrection, which in better wise shal restore it to me agayne. I beseche thee most merciful Lord Jesu Thryst that thou wilt by thy grace make strōg my soule agaynst al temptacyons. And that ỹ wylt couer and defende me ỹ the buckeler

Buckeler of thy mercye agaynste all the assaultes of the deuil. I see and knowledge that there is in my selfe no helpe of saluacion. But al my confydence, hope and trust is in thy most mercifull goodnes: I haue no merites nor good workes wherych I may alledge before thee. Of synnes and euill workes (alas) I see a great heape: but through thy mercye, I trust to be in the nomber of thē to whō thou wilt not impute their synnes, but take and accept me for righteousse and iust, and to be the inheritoure of euerlastyng lyfe. Thou merciful Lorde wast borne for my sake: thou didst suffer both hunger and thirst for my sake, ỹ diddest preache and teache: thou didst praye and fast for my sake: ỹ didst al good workes and dedes for my sake. Thou sufferedst moste greuous paynes and tormentes for my sake. And finally, thou gauest thi most precious bodi to dye and thy bloud to be shed on ỹ crosse for my sake. Now moste mercifull sauyoure, lette all these

thinges profit me: whiche ẏ freely haste geuen me, ẏ hast geuen thy selfe for me, lette thy bloud clense, and washe awaye the spottes & foulnes of my sinnes. Let thy ryghteousnes hyde & couer my vnrighteousnes. Let ẏ merites of thy passion & bloud be ẏ satisfaccion for my sinnes. Geue me lord thy grace ẏ my fayth and saluaciō in thy bloud, wauer not in me, but euer be firme & constante, ẏ the hope of thy mercy & lyfe euerlasting, neuer decay in me, ẏ charite waxe not cold in me: finally that the weakenes of my flesh be not ouercome wͭ feare of death. Graūt me merciful sauiour, that when death hath shut vp ẏ eyes of my bodye, yet that ẏ eyes of my soule may styl beholde & loke vpon thee, that when death hath taken away ẏ vse of my tonge and spech: yet ẏ my heart may cry & sai vnto vnto thee. In manus tuas domine cōmendo spiritum meum, that is to saye: O lorde into thy handes I geue & commit my soule. Domine Iesu accipe spi-

ritum

rtum meum. Lorde Jesu receyue my soule vnto thee. Amen.

¶ A generall confessyon.

ALmightie god, father of oure lorde Jesus Christ, maker of all things, iudge of all men, we knowledge & bewaile our manifold synnes & wickednes, wherwith we fro tyme to tyme moste grieuously haue committed by thought, worde, & dede, againste thy diuine maieste prouoking moste iustly thy wrath & indignacion againste vs: we do earnestly repēt, & be hartely sorye, for these our mysdoinges: ye remēbraunce of them is grieuous vnto vs, the burthen of them is intollerable, haue mercy vppon vs, haue mercy vpon vs, moste mercyfull father, for thy sonne our lorde Jesus Christes sake: forgeue vs all that is paste, & grāt that we maye euer hereafter serue and please thee, in newnes of lyfe, to the honoure and glorye of thy name, throughe Jesus Christ our Lorde. Amen.

¶ A praier for obtayning of wysedome.

Sapi. ix.

GOd of oure fathers, and Lorde of mercy, ꝑ that haste made all thynges with thy worde, and ordeyned man through thy wysedom, that he should haue dominiō ouer the creatures which thou hast made: that he should order the worlde accordyng to equitie and righteousnesse, and execute iudgement with a true hearte: geue me wysedome, whiche is euer aboute thy seate, and putte me not oute from among thy chyldren: for I thy seruaunte, and sonne of thy hāde mayde and a feble person, of a shorte tyme, and to younge to the vnderstandynge of thy iudgementes and lawes: yea, though a manne bee neuer so perfecte amonge the chyldren of men, yet if thy wysedome bee not wyth hym, he

shalbe

shall be nothynge worth. Oh, sende thy holye spyrite oute of thy holye heauens & from the throne of thy maiestie, that she maye be with me and laboure with me that I may knowe what is acceptable in thy sight. For she knoweth and vnderstandeth al thynges, and she shal conducte me right soberly in my workes, & preserue me in her power. So shall my workes be acceptable. Amen.

¶ A prayer of Hieremie. Jeremy. xxxi.

O Lorde, that hast chastened me, & thy chastening haue I receyued as an vntamed calfe. Conuerte thou me, & I shalbe conuerted, for thou art my Lorde God: for assone as þ didst turne me I repēted my selfe. And whē I vnderstode, I smote vpon my thigh, I cōfessed & was ashamed, because I suffered ẏ reproch of my youth.

After

¶ After supper.

O Merciful god, cut a sunder the yrō vaines of our neckes, mollifie these flint stones that lie in our brestes, ẏ we may fal down flat before the bush, & be ashamed, that we haue so long tyme receiued thy sundry and most goodly gyftes vnthankefully. Melt I say our endurate harts, that thou mayest prynt therein ẏ knowledge of thyne inestimable goodnes vnto the glory of thy holy name and ioy of our spiritually renued soules. Amen.

¶ A prayer of Salomon for a competente liuinge. Prouer. xxx.

TWo thynges I require of thee that thou wilt not deny me beefore I die. Remoue from me vanitie and lyes: Geue me neither beggery, nor ryches, onely graunte me

a ne=

a necessarye liuinge least if I bee to ful, I myghte happelye bee entysed to deny thee, and saye: what felowe is the Lorde? Or constrayned throughe pouertye, I myghte fall vnto stealynge, and so to forsweare the name of my God. Amen.

¶ Faultes escaped in prynting.

¶ In the firste leafe or queire of A. the vi. page or syde, the. xv. lyne, for lokest, reade lookedst. In the leafe of B. the iiii page, the laste lyne, for petī, reade pitie. In ỹ sayd leafe of B. the. ix. page ỹ firste liue for make make reade, make me as one. In the leafe of B. the. xii. page the laste lyne for wnsedom, reade wisedome Also the. xiii. page, ỹ laste line, for deapth reade death. In the leafe of C. the iii. page the. xi. lyne, for entrest, reade entredst. In the leafe of. C. the. xiii. page or side the. xix. line, for ther, reade thee. In the leafe of. D. the seronde page, the xiii. line, for howe greater, reade, howe greate are. The. ix. page of D. firste line, is ouerthrowe, reade, was ouerthrowē In the leafe of E. the. ix. page or syde, the. x. lyne, for and prouoked reade, and be prouoked. In the. xii. page or syde of E. and in the. xxi. lyne reade for wyth bourninge

bourning, wyth the bournyng. In the vii. page of F. and in the. xvii. line, rede for of vayne as vayne. In the. xv. page of F. and in the. xvii. lyne. He will surely come. In the. vi. page of G. and in ẏ xv. lyne, reade for from synnes, frō my synnes, In the. viii. page of G. and in the. xxiii. lyne, reade for defendour offēdoure. In the. xiiii. page of G. and in ẏ ix lyne, reade for is forgeuen thee be forgeuē thee. In the. xv. page of G. and in the first lyne reade for nor for. In the. xvi. page of G. and in the. iiii. lyne, rede for fafe synne, In the. ii. page of H. and in the. xviii. lyne reade for the bolelye, ẏ boldly. In the. xii. page of H. and in the xv. lyne, reade for repented, repeted. In the first page of I. and in the. xix. lyne reade for cleane cleaue. In the. vii. page of I. and in the first lyne reade for lette the lord let that lord. In the. xii. page of I. and in the. x. lyne, reade for vttle little. In the. xiii. page of I. and in the. v lyne, reade for doe set thee doe see thee. In the. xiiii page of I. and in the. xxii.

lyne

[illegible] reade, for of thy matters of these [illegible]ters. In the seconde page of L. [illegible] the. xvi. lyne reade, for the wyll [illegible] that wyl not. In the. iiii. page of. M. and in the. xvii. lyne reade for dud [illegible] the first, d. a.

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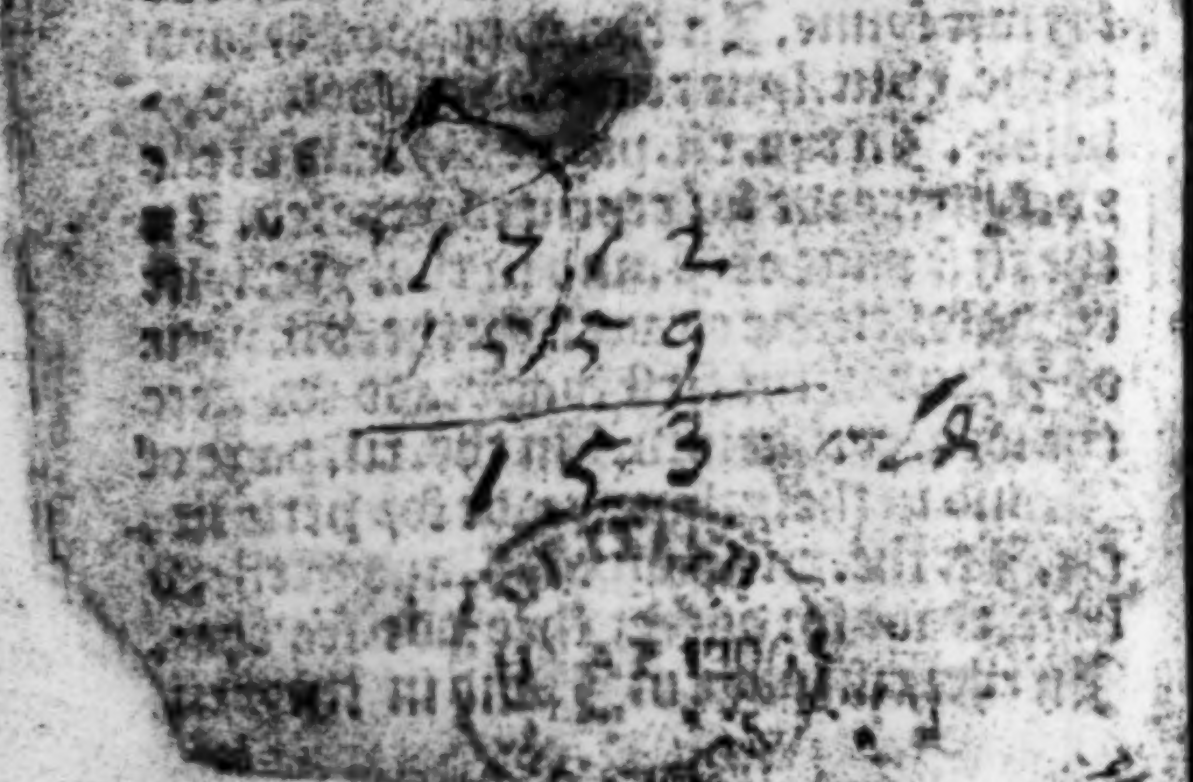
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